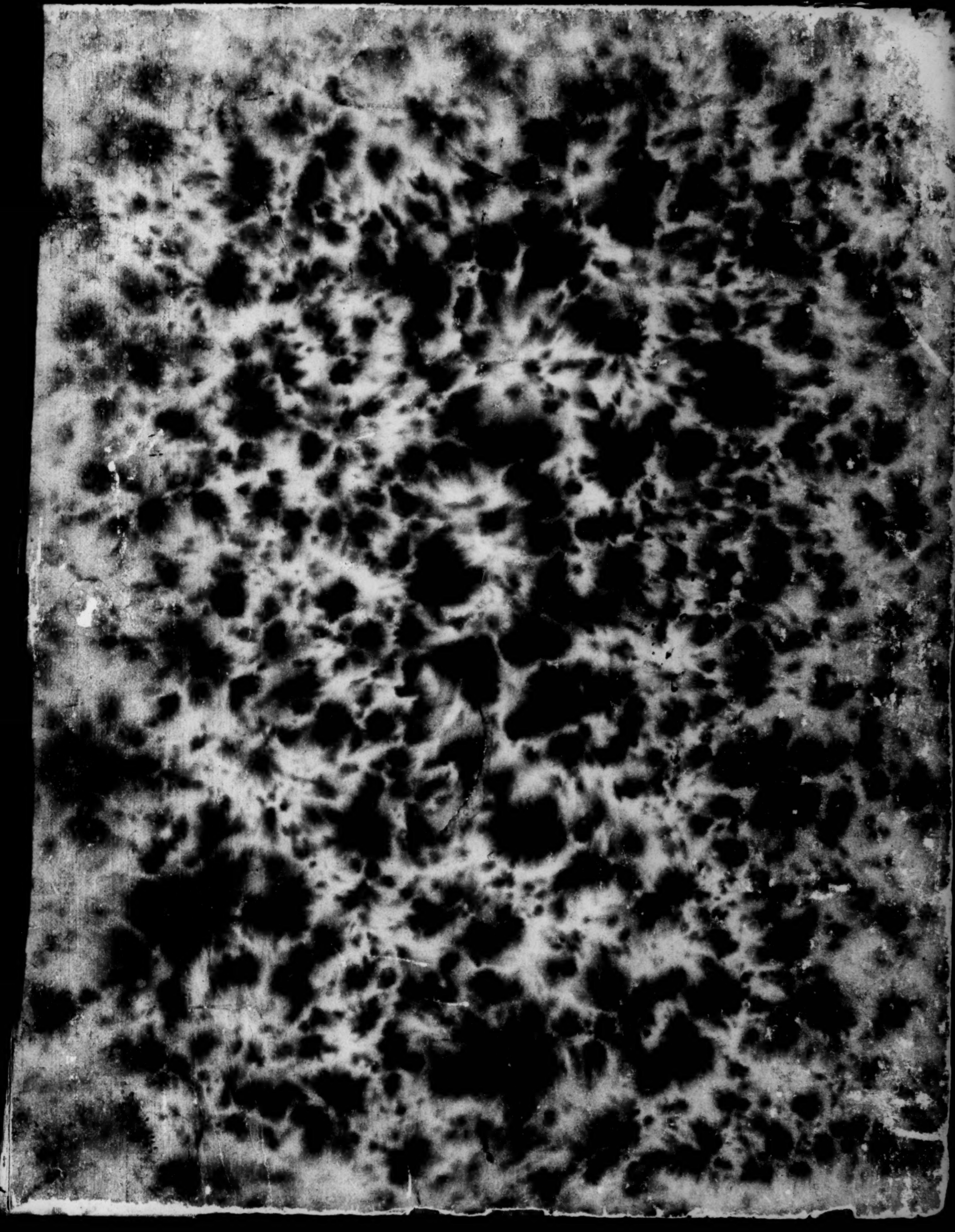
[Essay, unidentified
on biog



Woolf, Virginia

[Articles, essays, fiction and reviews]
Notebook [1938-39]

p.1-3 [Essay, unidentified, on biography] 3 p.
p.4-8; 9-13; 14-30, 34, 35 [Reviewing] 29 p.
p.36-37 They dont read Scott 2 p.
p.38-47 [Between the acts] Pointz Hall 10 p.
p.48-58 [A haunted house. The searchlight] 8 p.
dated Jan. 31, 1939
p.60-102; 106-134 Anon. 22 p.; [illegible]. 15 p.
p.104 [Between the acts, p.145] 1 p.

At back of notebook:
p. 1-7 [The moment] Mrs. Thrale. 7 p.
p.8-16 Anon. 9 p.
p.17-23;24-26;27-33;34-42 The reader 26 p.

66B0248
Woolf, Va.
[Articles, essays]
v.8 [1938-39]

A days walk

But besides this, there remains over another quality;
something that our minds have taken in, while we read
the story: that is the writer himself. Even Maupassant
cannot escape that figure

But
~~And~~ yet ~~this analysis leaves~~ this analysis
might be carried much further, ~~&~~ without
exhausting the ~~number of elements~~ that ~~are~~ to
naming ~~&~~ all the ~~emotions~~ ideas that the mind has
taken in; & there is ~~an~~ another, of a different
calibre; quality: the man himself. That
~~remains~~ but & there is another, of a different
order. For, just as when a ~~speaker is arguing,~~
~~the talk is all about one subject~~.
somebody is talking on a ~~definite~~ subject, ~~&~~
the mind ~~will be~~ ~~disinterested~~ takes in
which is attending ~~with one~~ to the argument
~~still~~ is ~~aware of~~ also ~~[illegible]~~ ~~makes~~
~~invents a~~ creates, here & there, little scenes
~~a the~~ from the speaker's life, ~~so~~ so to the
in reading ~~books~~ these books ~~novels~~
involuntarily, so the same process seems
to go on while reading: some times this is
~~this~~ is ~~deliberately caused by the writer~~
seems to be a ~~delib~~ part of the writer's intention:
as with Trollope. But it is strange that we
should ~~come by~~ have so strong a sense of
Maupassant; when he deliberately tried to
exclude himself ~~Probably much of this~~
Not a word is said about him; but
~~then, as nothing is~~ his ~~But that~~ is
certainly not Maupassant's intention, & yet
he leaves a distinct impression of
himself, ~~apart from~~ of his life. This

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difficult to lay fingers on it. Perhaps ~~it~~ 'it' – ~~that is~~
~~the~~ ~~in~~ dwells ~~lives~~ in the ~~shape of the sentence.~~
form of the sentence: we hear the speaking voice
at the same time as the writing voice; or,
~~diffused~~ in ~~the choice of subj~~ a of some
there are accents – ~~the choice of subject, the~~
emphases, which suggest a ~~partic~~ ~~fee~~ a
particular experience. moments of emotion:
harshnesses, omissions; which though
seeming to belong to the story, yet
at the same time ~~build~~ build up a figure
outside the story, ~~whether we wish~~ while we read,
though we may miss them in reading; when
& the book is done, they gather together, & leave
us with ~~fixed~~ ~~precise~~ distinct ~~im~~ impression
of somebody we call Maupassant.
~~Even in the~~ ~~And~~ we are left with a
curiosity which we try to satisfy by reading
autobiography & biography.
— The question ~~in~~ biography is, can one tell
the truth? What sort of truth is possible?
feelings & relations; feelings about the sex.
other people involved; what about
'wont': a character in fiction differs
from a character in real life – but how?

[illegible] have taken my [illegible].

It seems for a moment a just [illegible]:
[illegible] for the hair into snow & trees:
[illegible] for ~~a mount~~ ~~[illegible] under~~
a ~~[illegible]~~

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difficult to lay fingers on it. Perhaps it 'it' – ~~that~~ is
~~the~~ ~~in~~ dwells ~~lives~~ in the ~~shape of the sentence;~~
form of the sentence; we hear the speaking voice
at the same time as the writing voice; or,
~~diffused~~ in ~~the choice of subj~~ a of course
there are accents – ~~the choice of subject~~, the
emphases, which suggest a ~~paint~~ ~~for~~ a
particular experience. moments of emotion:
harshnesses, omissions; which though
seeming to belong to the story, yet
at the same time ~~build~~ build up a figure
outside the story, ~~whether we will~~ while we read,
& though we may sink them in reading; when
the book is done, they gather together, & leave
us with ~~fixed~~ ~~quite~~ distinct ~~an~~ impression
of somebody we call Maupassant.
~~Even in the~~ ~~And~~ we are left with a
curiosity which we try to satisfy by reading
autobiography & biography.
– The question in biography is, can one tell
the truth? What sort of truth is possible?
feelings & relations; feelings about the sex.
other people involved; what about
'wont': a character in fiction differs
from a character in real life – but how?

You have taken my gift.
It seems for a moment a just gift:
worthy [illegible] for the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]:
[illegible] [illegible] for a ~~mast~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
a ~~[illegible]~~

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we wish to satisfy the curiosity thus roused; to solidify
the figure thus created; & therefore turn to
biographies & autobiographies.

~~In the~~ The process of ~~turning is precisely~~ the
same ~~whether in~~ it can be matched, here,
in the ~~shop~~ restaurant, ~~by the~~ so
has its counterpart, ~~here in the restaurant~~:
in real life, in the restaurant. ~~For, after~~
~~reading~~ ~~Perhaps~~ ~~they are alive~~ ~~perhaps the~~
~~For~~ for after thinking about books,
& ~~reaching the point where~~ a point comes
where the mind creates a figure of the
writer: ~~so~~ quickened thus, it also becomes
aware of curiosity about ~~people~~ living
people. ~~a very slight~~ The fact that a
man has come in without a hat jogs
the attention: it is then seen that he is a
Clergyman; & that he has with him a
large ~~hairy~~ dog. Two waitresses come to
ask him what he wants; & ~~he~~ asks
his manner to them is ~~a mixture of the~~
has something ~~medical, priestly about~~ its
peculiar [illegible]; ~~this half~~ medical, half
of the medical, priestly; something paternal
priestly; the dog introduces another element.

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Criticism: not worth while.

Any body who has lived long enough to fill
half a dozen volumes will be in possession of a
formidable dossier of criticism. ~~And~~
It is amusing sometimes to turn over the faded
slips, ~~& to~~ some gave pain, some gave
pleasure: but did any of them make any
difference? Leaving aside for a moment
the ~~purely~~ financial question — whether the
sales of the books were helped or hindered —
it might be worth while to consider the
question from the aesthetic point of view:
that is, does criticism help the writer?
~~And that of course leads to~~

The criticism we have considered is of
course the criticism of the ~~to~~ living upon the
living. And the question we go on to ask is
whether the living can possibly throw any
light, for the writer, upon ~~his~~ the ~~real~~
nature of his own work. It is
~~Most~~ It differs from the criticism ~~Not~~
~~that the living pass upon the dead.~~ in the
~~It is much~~ The critic is living
same world as the writer; he has ~~the~~
is ~~at the disadvantage that he is~~ work before him;
~~much~~ too not the whole
he is also influenced by ~~his~~ by characters &
both lack the amenities & passions which
cease to trouble us when the object of
our criticism is dead: ~~And it seems~~
~~He~~ he is therefore at a
~~for the tim~~

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great disadvantage if we comprehension of the whole, if dispassionateness, are necessary critical qualities.

~~Then say~~
What then happens is that the writer on printing a new book is certain that there will be a loud report in the press; it will make a great, but a contradictory noise. Some will praise, & some blame. And the praise & the blame will have a particular quality. That is to say they will be heard by ~~ears~~ other people. Now ~~I submit~~ ~~that~~ this element is probably one of the most damaging. Instead of thinking does this praise or blame ~~aff~~ have any bearing upon my work, he thinks, what effect does it have upon the opinion of ~~my friends & enemies?~~ work?

a mixture of
hurrah &
hisses

This further reason that it generis a
curious effect. levelled at the
The true criticism is in the book.
qualities in a book which are
other people.'

Each of these press cuttings therefore is directed not against the writers work, but against his vanity.
That is a lively & powerful part in most writers equipment. But this, important.
the top layer of the mind is delighted or exacerbated. meanwhile the lower layer, that part which is ~~xx~~ concerned in writing the book, is scarcely touched.
What happens is ~~that the more~~

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But the more profound self, the part that actually
does the work which makes the books, is
extremely susceptible to noise. It requires
darkness & silence in which to create.
In the present circumstances, — that is to say
the popping & flashing that attend each
publication — this is so disturbed that it
cannot function.
~~At the same time there may be something~~
But is there anything ~~which~~ by which it can
profit?

There is the dossier of newspaper cuttings.
They are in the first place extremely
contradictory. The same book is praised &
blamed; the same qualities are rated high &
low: ~~but~~ & there is no unanimity;
there is no agreement ~~what are the~~
~~qualities that~~ about standard; no agreement
about the ends.

And if we consider the conditions in which
criticism of contemporaries is written, there is no
cause for surprise. Writes a novel, the
critic has probably had a bundle of
no time or space.
before him: he has to consider.
12 Then he has his reader the main defect of
And this of course is. This written to
contemporary criticism. This
for the reader, & not for the writer. This
written to help him to choose a book.
from the library. His needs are being
considered & not the writer.

On the whole therefore, the creative
part of the writer, who is eager to find
~~not balm~~ 'food' not for his vanity but
for its art, will be puzzled &

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disappointed. He will find nothing in the vast
dossier except ~~praise & blame~~. food for the
gratification or the humiliation of vanity.

But can any living critic administer to any
living writer? ~~food for the~~
~~then it~~ Is criticism of the living by the living
of any use at all?

If the personal element could be eliminated –
if ~~Can any any helpful~~

The demand for criticism is of course
profuse. Every writer must have experience of the
craving that the ~~young~~ the poet would
seem to prove that writers are genuinely
anxious for advice. They sincerely
believe that they can be helped by
discussing their works. But then it
should be done behind a screen;
writer without names: this present
system of reviewing is obviously
the least likely to have any good
results.
And yet since it pays. since it is
the cheapest, ~~the~~ it must continue.

But
the problem seems to be insoluble. Too
many interests are [illegible]. Therefore,
But a possible compromise suggests itself.
Let the reviewers the printed critics
continue. for the benefit of readers:
This book is about [illegible]: there is a
passing tale The end happy.
But let there be
[illegible].

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established a Board of Literary Critics, consisting of well known critics who shall be paid by the State. To them the author can go if he wishes. He will pay a fee. They A critic of his work shall be given anonymity. He shall have the right to an hour's interview: an hour's discussion. It shall be held in private. Nobody shall know what is said.

~~Then we shall know.~~

Then shall be anonymous

~~Meanwhile the~~ ~~These critics who~~

It would be extremely good for the critic: good for the writer — good for everyone: & it is difficult to see that & the newspaper could go on; the reviewer could

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Contemporary Criticism

Is the criticism of the living upon the living worth having? does it make ~~That is~~ a question which writers must often ask themselves, whether they are critics or creators; & generally the two activities are combined. Anyone who has lived long enough to fill half a dozen volumes will have material upon which to have an opinion upon one side of the question: ~~that is, there will the side of the criticised~~: ~~that is, there will lie.~~ he will have a bundle of opinions from all parts of the world upon his books. They will range from snippets half an inch in length to ~~many pages. &~~ articles of many pages: ~~&~~ But what does it all amount to? ~~some~~ pleasure, & some pain: but ~~did has~~ did any of it made any difference? ~~That is~~ to

~~A hundred & one years ago~~ In ~~April~~ 1833 it did ~~vary or~~ ~~to~~ make a difference. Mr. Nicolson in his Tennyson describes the amazing effect that a single review by Lockhart in the Quarterly had upon Tennyson. "The first ~~at~~ act was to withdraw from the press The Lovers Tale which was ~~about to~~ then about to issue. We find him thinking of leaving England altogether, & living abroad: .... ~~in a financial way, Thecost~~ ... It was and~~doubtedly~~ it kept Tennyson from publication at the most vital years of a poets life.

Does it make any serious difference to the writer's work? — would he write quite as well or badly if he were not reviewed at all!

Un

Some of the criticism I am

in April of that year

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... in that it kept T. from publication at the most vital years of a poet's life ... the effect upon his literary development was all-important!" ~~It seems incredible.~~ To us it seems incredible. ~~Either T. must have been insanely sensitive;~~ or the Quarterly ~~must have been~~

What an extraordinary change a hundred years have wrought ~~in~~ either in the sensibility of the writer to criticism, or in the authority of criticism! Is there a single critic in England whose article could produce ~~Nowadays~~, ~~nobody nowadays~~ For this unthinkable ~~that any writer should~~ even ~~nowadays~~ contemplate a week end in the country.

For it is unthinkable nowadays that any writer should remain silent for ten days ~~because of a harsh criticism~~; or withdraw even for a week end; or alter a single word in deference to criticism. ~~The~~ ~~One~~ ~~For one thing the~~ ~~damage~~.

~~How~~ has the change come about? Is it ~~Why~~ has criticism durable or not? — Has the writer grown a thicker skin? Or is it that writers nowadays are so immensely increased in number that no ~~single critic~~ volume that no volume has lost its value? Or has criticism lost its value?

~~Before we try to answer these questions~~ it is

~~Probably~~

The answer would seem to be that the writer is just as sensitive to criticism as ever, but that, owing to modern conditions, —

~~he~~ the

a single article in the Q or any other magazine

by the [illegible] of the [illegible]

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~~The ques There are questions~~
~~If one turns over the~~ A hard & fast
complete answer to these questions is beyond the
scope of an article. But some ~~suggestions are~~
suggestions can be arrived at by glancing at some
of those bundles of press cuttings which
any writer who has lived by his pen to fill say
a dozen volumes will have accumulated.
They range from puffs by an uncle to
articles of many pages. And here of course is
one difference between our age & T's.: ~~that~~
the difference in number. Tennyson had one
review by ~~h~~ the modern writer has hundred
presumably a hundred. And the praised
reviews all contradict each other. That is one reason
of ~~taking down to~~ to attach great
wh- [illegible] him to
importance to the praise or the blame.
That is one reason why as he
adds them up, he cannot feel more ~~than a~~
a single emotion of any intensity: one cancels
the other: there is no common opinion:
~~The verbatim~~ ~~But there is a further~~
~~What~~ ~~then again,~~ ~~the reviewers are~~
of the bulk, that blame..

~~But~~ But if that accounts for his
~~indifference, as an author,~~ to criticism; the pleasure
at ~~this~~ ~~what has been~~ superficial
& the pain have been certain.
merely; there is no true criticism: there is nothing
there is no standard: there is
hurt ~~hope~~ a pleasure except vanity.
the real
But was there any

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any review which penetrates beneath the skin;
what ~~about~~ reached the creative faculty &
made it alter its course?
The writer then shuffles over these pages, gets a
blurred impression of praise & blame,
comes to the conclusion that there is nothing
to be had from it but, that quite
superficial exaltation or depression:
which is momentarily elated or depressed;
& ~~knows perhaps~~ is aware that any
pleasure or pain that he receives is merely
~~the sartorial~~ & bundles them away into
the wastepaper basket. Upon examining
his feelings he will probably come to the
conclusion that ~~though his~~ nothing has been
touched except his vanity. That irritable
surface skin has felt pain & pleasure;
but only because ~~after~~ so & these
remarks will be. Some pleasure & some
pain have been caused. But the quality
of the pleasure & the pain prove that only
vanity has been touched. ~~He~~ He has
been pleased or annoyed because certain
remarks will be heard by other people.

~~Is this~~ inevitable? ~~Or~~ Can a living critic

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That represents the writer's point of view.
What is to be said of the critic? —
His defence would probably run something like this:
I am placed in unfavourable circumstances.
In the first place, I have my living to earn. That entails
I have to review regularly ~~notoriously~~: to get a
quantity. his ~~taste gets saturated~~: he has
~~Good~~ the public to consider: he is writing not merely to ~~give~~ ~~effect~~ teach the writer, to
place him among his peers, but to help the
library. & to warn families of indecency: he has to
denounce vice. etc etc..

How can he give that criticism which really
does help a work — or by the way he may
ask pertinently — what is it?
That question is a very difficult one to answer.
This ~~seem~~ that the critic shd be dispassionate:
able to compare the work with others; to
~~pole~~ ~~place its~~ trace its sequence in the
writer's work: to relate it to other of the same
kind:
to be a wide reader of great learning
of great knowledge of great impartiality.
Can these qualities be possessed at once
by any writer, who is judging the work of
the living?

NYPL

C-C

Nowadays most writers are both creators & critics;
they turn from writing poetry or fiction to
reviewing poetry or fiction; & ~~are~~ therefore
~~most often~~ ~~art~~ ~~themselves~~, ~~is~~ must be
familiar with the

An ~~complete~~ answer to these questions is obviously
~~impossible; but some~~ ~~not~~ impossible -
but a few
No
~~No answer~~ ~~The~~ answer is ~~a [illegible]~~ possible:

Still, ~~in view~~.
But The search for an answer ~~is~~ meant.
begin by It is easy to
That criticism ~~[illegible]~~ ~~affe~~ had serious effects
upon writers in the past is beyond dispute.
A ~~hundred years ago it could not only~~
Came Mr Nicolson in the

But that happened over a hundred years ago.
And to us, at the present moment, ~~the~~
~~state~~ it seems so ~~strange that we are~~
incredible that a writer should remain
either for ten days

That we are ~~at one~~ ~~faced with~~ bound
to suppose that either that writers are ~~were~~ far more
more tender, or that critics have lost
authority ~~their~~ ~~strength~~, or ~~that it does somehow changed~~
~~its character~~ the
~~Perhaps the truth is~~ ~~To so~~ Perhaps
~~the truth lies~~ It is only necessary

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In ~~order to arrive~~ at ~~an~~ answer to this question,
~~it is only necessary~~ to examine one of these
bundles of press cuttings which letters
is provided by a

~~Times~~
But let us look at the facts. In the first place
Sug any writer nowadays accumulates with each
~~volume~~ a mass of criticism which must outweigh
in bulk

Times have changed. But the change it would
seem is not so much in the sensibility of the
writer: it is due to the fact, in the first
place, that he receives perhaps a hundred
times more criticism than he received in 1834.
~~[illegible]~~ Any writer who has lived long
enough to fill 2 or 3 volumes will have
accumulated an enormous bulk of criticism.
When T. had one review, the living writer will
probably have a hundred. And
although this quite possible that the
~~comment is that~~ this [illegible] [illegible]
emphatically. Opinions are given by
all sorts of men & women, in all parts
of the world, where a hundred years ago,
they were given by L. or Mr. O.
The inevitable result is that they contradict
each other. There is no agreement of
opinion. If one calls praise, the next blames.
Hence, the most sensible of writers is unable
to attach anything like the importance
to criticism that was attached to it in
the past.

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after shelly taught his reviews, after reviewing a
bunch of ~~four~~ books in a week of pain; he
becomes numen; puzzled; ~~decides that these~~
to ~~sl~~ one he gets no clear impression
And the result red-seen to be that
~~ba~~ before most writers have been long they have
they look upon Critics as a thing that
is awful concerned. That wonder, &
bundle the whole thing into the waste paper
basket. For the interest their lives they
depend not ~~upon~~ published critics, but upon
private ~~critics~~. at the same time, .

~~at the~~ ~~the fact that~~. ~~in their greater~~
at the same time,
at anyrate, ~~the~~
Now let us turn to the critic whose
~~task it is~~ work has then been flouted.
It must be admitted
his position is much more difficult than it was a
hundred years ago. ~~Not the~~ space has been
cut down: he has five hundred words ~~he has~~ to
instead of five thousand; he has to
but in that narrow space he has to
consider not a small cultivated public
of the day, but a vast ready public
who require not ~~to be told the~~ information
~~about the plot, about the~~ who want
library orders,
~~information~~ of a review not
but practical information - the has
Are they likely to enjoy the book at the sea
side? Is it cheerful or sad? Would it
amuse? ~~How to a happy ending~~?
What is the plot? - Where are
five lines in which to administer criticism
to the writer, as a writer, he may think hardly

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lucky.

And so it seems that whatever may have been
the case a hundred years ago, ~~present conditions~~
~~are such that there~~ is now ~~a complete divorce~~
~~between the critic & the author~~: the

but how can it be otherwise

criticism ~~by the living of the living~~ has ceased
~~to exist~~. bid each other farewell.

2

The critic is ~~now~~ useful only because he helps
the sale of a book; the author is useful only
because he creates the need for a review.
O~~therwise~~ ~~B~~ Apart from that tie,
there is no other. ~~That would seem to be~~
~~the~~
And yet it ~~must be clear~~ would seem that
But there is a certain regret in their leave
taking. The writer cannot help feeling that
he sings the better for criticism; & the
critic has probably enough respect for his
art to believe that it ~~can do~~ is
capable of ~~better~~ more serious work
~~than is inflicted by~~ than helping to make out library lists,
&c. ~~Helps~~ people to ~~something more serious~~ than
& can ~~achieve something~~
an ~~critic~~ is something more than an
advertisement of a book, or a help to busy
people. Matters to say, they both
believe that ~~the~~ criticism can ~~be~~ of
use ~~to a writer~~. is a serious art
which can, ~~among other things~~, ~~not merely~~ to
help a writer to ~~cure~~ see his faults. ~~And yet~~,
improve his virtues.
~~Where~~
~~Why then~~

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The point then that we seem to have reached is that the whole of ~~modern~~ criticism, in so far as it is of the living, is merely a commercial undertaking. ~~This done by the rev~~ The value of a review to the reviewer is simply that it he is paid a guinea a thousand words for it: the value of a review to the reviewed is simply that it helps the sale or hinders the sale of his books. The only relation between the two is commercial; & so with a cynical wave of the hand they may as well bid each other farewell.

But there is a certain regret in this leave taking. The writer cannot help feeling that he might be the better for criticism

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Is there no way in which the critic's difficulties cd. be eliminated?

And here a possible remedy occurs. The chief drawbacks to the present system are lack of space: the need of writing for a composite public: the personal element: ~~that the~~ All of these objections are bound to continue so long as criticism is admitted in ~~publica-~~ public print the present way — that is

wh. so often really curdles into pungency & which at into spite.

But wd it not be possible to that criticism sho. be given privately by word of mouth.

Would it not be possible to have make ~~a distinction wh is a openly~~ ~~recognise~~ a distinction — to recognise openly the difficulties which are always hurled at privately. to

Each Public criticism, in newspapers, would be devoted entirely to the needs of the public. The reviewer would be instructed to write with the library in view. All the space w. be fairly & separately to the devoted to the plot, to the style, the practical details. But for the information of those who wish to have some authoritative indication on an artistic [illegible] merit: fixed for each book or pure library without. The [illegible] sign for those without.

Private criticism would ~~then be~~ able to ~~ignore~~ ignore such qualities. Private

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Critics would be admitted by a literary faculty, chosen by competent judges, & the conditions should be much the same as those in force in the medical world. The absolute secrecy would be guaranteed. The author would visit his critic as the patient now visits his doctor. The ~~would~~ in return for a critic fee he would have a right to a verbal interview. He would

~~One obvious reason~~

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In the first place, why was criticism so much more authoritative in those days than it is today.

There is a statement in the Nicolson Tennyson which raises more questions than can be answered in an article; but some discussion of them ~~may be attempted~~ may perhaps be attempted.
In April 1833 Lockhart reviewed Tennyson's poems in the Quarterly. The effect upon him was '~~almost incalculable~~.
utterly deadly, says Mr N. 'a ~~[illegible]~~ ... ... in that it kept . .
actively
in that it kept

~~The first question then that we~~ ask
First then we ask ourselves, what has caused this change — has the writer grown a thicker skin, or has criticism lost its authority?
~~And the~~ The answer is obvious
The change has come about not because writers are to anyone who has written enough to acquire a budget of press cuttings. The change ~~has come about~~ has increased so largely because criticism has increased so enormously in volume.

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Had Tennyson been living in our day he would
have found it impossible to take all
criticism to heart. ~~But would he~~ have
But that leads to the next question:
why is it that there is no agreement, no
but true that criticism nowadays is
~~balancing~~ has not only become far more
voluminous, but has become far less
serious? ~~Is there~~ Have Is the writer
~~justified~~ Why is it that most writers
with say a real work behind them,
maintain as that there is no criticism
to be had from the printed word?
Have conditions changed so that this
~~reviewer today is now~~ is impossible for
the reviewer to.

Let us turn to the critic whose work—
upon consider that particular task is
to ~~warn &~~ help & advise & chastise the writer—
seem now to ~~remain~~ to have failed.

If ~~that~~ this statement is true—& a great many
of those who are most widely criticised
would confirm it—it would seem to prove
that there is something wrong with criticism
itself. And if we turn to the critic
whose business it is to criticise living writers
he would probably furnish us with
many reasons why ~~it~~ the conditions
now make it much harder for him

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23

And directly the
subject is
broached, it
~~be~~ is found to
ramify into
very different
paths.

A considerable amount of discussion takes place
both in private & in public, about the
~~above~~ value of contemporary criticism. & as [illegible] –
~~the discussion~~ It is difficult to sum up the
~~different points of view~~, or indeed to find a
title that covers them; ~~but for the~~
but the discussion ranges widely: is reviewing
worse than it used to be; ~~is it~~ has it any
effect upon the public; does it make any
difference to the writers work; how
could ~~it~~ it be improved: is the criticism of the
living by the living possible at all. — it & so on.
~~taken all these lines, &~~
A ~~convenient starting place~~,

First

Let us suppose that the term 'reviewing' covers
all criticism of the living writer by living writers.
~~And~~ & then let us, ~~make a start by~~
~~considering the first question~~ – then let us
~~glance, briefly, at the~~ consider the first question
whether it is worse than it used to be.
~~In the first place let us consider the~~
whether it is worse now than it was say a
hundred years ago, it will depend of course
upon our view of what the reviewer is;

But a start may be made by considering
~~what was the~~ ~~an old review~~, a
review that is now a ^ more than a
hundred years old. ~~For Also~~ For it
~~seems to prove that~~ & seems, at any
rate, ~~to show that~~ at least seems to
~~show that~~ it may throw light upon
~~contrasts~~ changes that have come over

NYPL

& then open the way for a discussion of the present conditions.
state of affairs in all the many ways,
Ought there not to be some opinion, ~~in all~~ this
way of writing, that will be of use to him, as a
writer? that will ~~feed not~~ something that will
~~make him~~ see his form, point out his mistakes.
that will make him understand his own
gift, his limits, its ~~nature~~ that will save
him from useless experiment, that will
put him in the way of ~~being~~ making the
best use of his ~~gifts~~ talents? ~~to those, not some~~
~~he does not want praise or blame; he wants,~~
But before we try to define what kind of
criticism is useful to a writer, let us. question:
~~lets~~ look at the reviewers side of the

In the first place

The best he can do is to ~~keep~~ face the facts,
therefore the best that the modern reviewer
can do is to face the facts; to admit
that his task is hopeless, & ~~from the~~ first; &
to take the first chance that offers
of escaping to some more congenial
employment.

But there is a certain regret in their leave taking:
However bitterly the reviewer may speak
of the difficulties of his task, the fact
remains that criticism of contemporary
literature is ~~an extremely interesting~~
a ~~task~~ of extreme interest. to anyone of
~~who is interested in literature at all.~~
~~who is gifted with~~
~~critical ability~~ who is And who is also clear
critical ability.

NYPL

It is impossible ~~not to~~ ~~for anyone of critical~~
~~cal~~ for anyone who is interested in the criticism
to remain aware that the fruit of this
their ridiculous to bury ~~cut off~~ in oblivion as poetry to an end at ~~at the~~ age and of
~~the~~ Robert Bridges: & the criticism of fiction to ~~at the~~
~~death of~~ Lawrence. And the critic is also
respect ~~and subject~~ has a perfectly genuine desire for
order — ~~that is~~ not for praise or blame, not to
to be arranged on higher plan than so & so, or a lower
than so & so, but for that impartial & superior
... in wh. the value of the particular ... of
~~work~~ is is lifted out ~~of its personal~~ examples:
personality, shown against the other
the ~~prove~~ ~~the proof of this is needed~~ ~~the~~ that
constant request for this kind of order without
~~this~~ ~~And~~ Not a day passes the ... visit
a request for such advice: & ~~the~~
limited to

And remember observed that Lockhart was
in all this very much less of a figure
than he supposed. He was always fond of
writing — there is certainly that to be said —
but not in the way in which I am now
(

NYPL

The art of

To anyone who is interested in literature at all,
~~the~~ what is being written now is an ~~so~~
A book that is worth reading at all, at once
sets up a   Poetry does not end with Robert
Bridges, nor by any fiction with   Thomas Hardy.
Both continue to live; & any poem or novel
of merit at once proclaims ~~its relationship~~
~~with~~ ~~the~~ to ~~the past~~. In as we read it, we
hear streams to set up, a ~~s~~ apart from its
accidental qualities, a   kinship; at once
sets up in the reader's mind a ~~whole~~ series
of ~~a~~ of. the fact & makes the reader
~~a glance at the~~   To a young writer, ignorant
of his own gifts, the opinion of a qualified
outsider may be of the greatest value.
Even the writer who has several books ~~to~~
behind him is often ~~meets, with comes~~ himself in a
~~works himself into a~~ finds ~~cul-de-sac~~ ~~difficulty~~,
at a turning point, or in a   somebody who
whose the ~~opinion~~ of
is outside ~~the struggle~~   who is
~~an outsider who can see the~~   light
~~whose light can~~ upon which   can be thrown by
of the greatest value
some one ~~who is too~~
or he reaches a turning point, or works himself into a
~~opinion~~ & ~~a~~
maze; ~~whose an outside~~ ~~& then an~~ of
~~outsider can then the~~. ~~& the utmost~~
& again it would be ~~of the difficulty before~~ an
value ~~to put the difficulty~~   to an
to ~~consult a~~ outsi who   advice given
~~impartial~~ to ~~take~~ the
~~outside~~ an outsider would be of the utmost
value.

NYPL

= Is there then no way of bringing ~~the~~ the critic
& the writer together? – ~~Must they part~~
~~company~~ What is it that prevents them from
having any.

What is the obstacle that prevents them from
meeting? Is it not simply publicity?

= Every day brings evidence of the ~~fact~~ that
this is so, for ~~no day~~ ~~nothing~~ there is a
~~perpetual demand not~~ for, most
writers would testify to the fact that
scarcely a day ~~passes~~ without some
unknown the post ~~of~~ ~~most~~ is
sufficient evidence of the truth of this. for
scarcely a day passes without some
body who has written a book asking
for an opinion upon his work. And
~~the opinion is asked, not in~~
the truth of this could be proved by most
writers from personal experience. Scarcely a
day passes without some request for
criticism; & ~~the genuine nature of the~~ criticism
~~demand~~ that the desire is for advertisement,
pure & simple, not for the opinion
is proved by the fact that the opinion
is ~~given~~ in private, & has no ~~affect~~ &
~~value either as an~~ advertisement, or as a
~~an~~ therefore no saleable value, or
advertisement value. ~~This~~ Its value is
purely critical.

This last statement ~~shows~~ ~~so~~
suggests a possible remedy for the
unfortunate divorce which now exists

Most fair
writers
evidence
of this
this [illegible]

NYPL

between being criticised & being written. 21
~~publicity could be abolished,~~ this publicity
that is to blame. In the first place, so
long as criticism is delivered in public, the
~~public has to be considered & not the writer~~
~~then~~ the greater part of the review ~~must be~~ is
written for the public & not for the writer.

addend

But the publicity of the review ~~has a much~~
~~subtler & more potent evil~~ has other effects
as a subtle & evil nature. It acts as a
has a much more subtle & evil ~~power~~ attached
book: ~~that~~ is ~~that few~~ ~~it acts as a~~
It ~~acts~~ has a powerful effect upon the author's
vanity: that is to say, ~~praise, admiration in~~
~~it arouses~~ the fact that a hundred
people are going to think well or badly of a
book it leads the writer to think what
other people are ~~then~~ being made to think:
~~it~~ ~~instead of receiving the~~ his mind is
~~arouses~~ ~~distracted from his own work,~~ &
it distracts him from any dispassionate
consideration of what the critic thinks. If
Tennyson for Example had received Lockharts
review in a sealed envelope, & had read it
~~or~~ over his own fire, secure in the
knowledge that no eye was going to read it
but his own, he would undoubtedly have
read it in a very different spirit from
that in which he read it when it was
printed in the Q.Ry: ~~discounted the~~
praise, have received ~~the~~ one & blamed
~~blame~~, he would have used upon a
~~admirable~~ very different frame of mind. The ~~terrible~~
~~hatred~~ & the dread of ridicule, the

the words
had have
been wholly
good. and
or seem to
wholly
different

NYPL

seems that all our English people were reading
Lockhart's sneers, Lockhart would have
~~or which~~ that he was being dismissed as a mere
that his great poem was being unfairly
paraded, his but dismissed words – all that
~~hurt his vanity~~ would have disappeared: & in
the calm ~~of~~ he could have freely dismissed
the passionately and by his false flat: he and
have given them their just value: & he
in that frame [of] mind he could have
faced the truth, which was undoubtedly
then, & decided in cold blood, that he
was ~~rapidly~~ in danger of letting certain
faults become habitual. But
the term, the anger, the letter of apology,
the withdrawal, the subsequent
determination to live in France only
admonitions of his critics, which had no
derision an effect on his work, would have
been avoided.

The ~~suggestion~~ question then arises:
would it not be possible to admit
~~that criticism is an a reputable~~
to ~~to as~~ to make a distinction: the
reviewer in the public press is a Town Crier: ~~the public. &~~
his ~~business is to admire~~ & not to the work.
duty is to the public & as little as possible about
~~But~~ ~~that he~~ Let him say a work of art.
the value of the work as a
But But let there be called into being
a ~~profession of critics~~. a board of critics
who shall give their opinions privately

NYPL

The space thus saved could be used for a ~~monthly article~~, ~~in wh~~ longer articles in which the general aspects of contemporary poetry & fiction could be discussed, sometimes by critics sometimes by the writers themselves. For it is here that ~~we, speaking as the public~~, contemporary opinion is valuable: A book like

as a book

Mr Day Lewis's recent Hope for Poetry is in which he tries to explain the aims of some modern writers is far more illuminating than shows. ~~A contemporary can always give~~ ~~explain a situation in general~~ ~~read Lewis's~~ Criticism of tendencies & aspects is often extremely illuminating, whereas the attempt to single out certain writers & determine their stature is almost always ~~bad~~ a failure. ~~It~~ ~~In this way~~, the

In this way the public's interests would be considered; & also the financial interests of the publisher, ~~the critic~~ & the author. The critic himself ~~would benefit~~ by being made to concentrate upon the same one duty, ~~also~~ free from the complexities & compromises which now make their task if we are to believe them, so harassing ~~& unsatisfactory~~. But there still remains the author, who is in genuine need of criticism.

Here at last is another attempt to solve the great question of the Pen. & I think that perhaps this has solved it. But I am not as yet

NYPL

This is one of the longest in flowing of all pens.
After working for many hours, with different
implements, I have at last come back to this
one as perhaps the best. After all, one
can but try;
& with that for an attempt I am on the whole
very well satisfied. What it lacks is simply
a full flow of ink.
What I think it lacks at present is simply
& solely a full supply of ink. But I
when that is assured, [illegible] I rather
doubt that there will be any further or
greater difficulty. Certainly this is one of the
best of the pens so far. One can write
without much trouble, not by a
degree, & a strength which are better in
a big pen than in a small. But
in all these ways I am always rather
doubtful. After writing for some time
the pen undoubtedly changes its character,
& takes on qualities which were on a
very much the opposite of those it has
now. After writing for many days

After writing for many days she was able
to give a very good account of her own
processes of thought. These were of course
rather different from what they would
Sleep was one of the things she wished for -
but it did not come - She was

NYPL

~~She was fully an exaggerated coquetry: she had~~
~~no conception of what was really wanted.~~
But in this I rather doubt ~~that~~

~~Buck~~
~~Buckingham Palace~~ ~~Magazine~~ !
Nothing is more dangerous than a gift for writing

YPL

Monday, Tuesday.

Friday, November the 13th.

Were in the papers? no

Reading without a Book.

? A Dream at a dinner Party.

NYPL

Somebody has remarked that the great difficulty of
criticising books, comes from their length.
They cannot be dispatched at a sitting
they have to be laid down & taken up again:
Hence, naturally, irrelevances intervene.
Between one chapter & another we may well have
added to our experience, changed our attitude.
or have slightly shifted the angle of our
approach. — then requires a more confused
opinion of a long poem, or a novel than of a
picture, which we can see all over in
twenty minutes, or of a symphony which we can
hear from start to finish in an hour.
Thus it comes about, that when, ~~after~~
on a spring day for example, we summon up
the memories of the winter's reading, our
mind seems full of ghosts. The books we
have read are still held in memory,
but that memory has become so
mixed up with other memories that it is
impossible to say what is the book itself.
Take the

NYPL

To an Editor: on reviewing.

You are so good as to ask me whether
in my opinion there is any way in which
reviewing, in particular the reviewing of
fiction & poetry, can be improved?
It is an interesting ~~subject~~ question; but one which
leads far beyond the province you outline.
Does not it call in question the whole
state of society — the economic state,
under which we all labour, to earn our livings?
to pay our bills,
For obviously, in an ideal state
books would only be reviewed, if they were
worth it; reviewers wd. have all the
space they needed & all the time. The
paper wd. ~~alwys~~ be an intellectual
that, disregarding advertisements,....
only existed when there was a reason. There are
~~But as~~ ~~in its~~, ~~But a its~~ we are
not the conditions under wh.
living today.
Today under the circumstances the reviewer is
faced with an insoluble problem. He has
~~six novels~~ & fifteen hundred words at his
disposal, & six novels.

NYPL

They dont read Scott

They dont read Scott – no they dont read Scott.
'They' the unknown & dreaded young: 'they' the
laughing dancing jerk-calculating perpetually
moving crowd who ~~stop at~~ see
who armed with scythes & sneers for ever
advance (in their man-sized) to cut &
chop: to despise: to sneer: the young whom he
dreads for their power to trample him to –
They dont read Scott..
And the noble volumes stand on the shelf. The
[illegible] [illegible] the flesh yellowing: tarnishes.
They dont read Scott.
The horse no longer stops in the heat on the road
The tweed rugs at rugs to salmon fishers:
Abbotsford is a monument ~~[illegible]~~. like
is all 'period', manifest 'scenic' &
where the birds fly. They are stuffed – –
winged dungeon – the crag-winged dungeon..
Such words Scott used. no Scott
& the cleaving climax. uses words like
wrote did he? also to 'unstable marks'..
the plate is A. to
But all the words are plated made to look
like marble. And the young tap &
jingle: & make the plates fly – the dry
daily plate of words like sense & manfor-
& the ladies,
Afoot like bracken round a [illegible]
Empire – . .
The Empire has sunk... all their legions
a ladies have dropped off the

NYPL

arrive at stage: suddenly: these jewels that held
blobs of green light, & rusty light has been
discarded: & the lights going with the
screwed up face, with their hammer
claws & sharp little saws.
Scott's funeral has passed: the heron
no longer stops where he used to stop;
& the salmon leaps; & the whirl of
some picnic party who leave
paper bags on the bank, & a tin
with half held sardines.
They distressed
And the man who has vanished, with his
deal of days in the peg & the woodman.
The woods have grown. too high
And in the bedroom electric light has
replaced the slow & miraculous gas,
than he hit for the young artist who
staggered one night

NYPL

Dec: 14th
38

Pointz Hall.

at these words, Mrs Stott as Meadowsweet – for she is
was – struck out her ~~to~~ arm.

~~Then~~ Three ~~yellow~~ ~~leering~~ dry men ~~entered~~ broke in:
& what they said was too confused to catch
There is little blood in my arm, Isabella
repeated. ~~The words~~ It might be a quotation.
~~Mrs La Trobe had very~~ Elizabethan plays
always came to a knot like this.
from some old play. Then there was the usual
confusion: The beldame ~~had~~ was stone deaf.
The beldame had presumably hidden the child.
A shepherd, further down the river had
rescued the cradle. Brought up to as his own
son, or daughter as the case might be,
here he was. ~~Undoubtedly the duke's~~ son.
~~And the girl~~ ? ~~Melodie Nellie~~? ~~The~~
~~Revision~~: Mrs La Trobe no doubt
realised that an Elizabethan play was
Good acting; for there were always a
muddle: strong language, & these emotions:
fear love & hate. alone, in combination.
No one knew how the ~~point~~ was reached
The beldame (Mrs Stott as meadowsweet)
[illegible] held in her arm. It trembled – the [illegible]
bawled. It was a perfect [illegible] role. And the
shepherd ~~had lost~~ remembered finding –
baby in a cradle 21 years go.
There is little blood in my arm, Isabella
repeated – for the confusion was now

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~~too~~ beyond understanding.

But that doesnt matter, Isabella reflected
Come ~~to think of it thats how plays And we~~ written.
~~If you want~~ An Excuse for Emotion: not a plot.
And thats ~~much~~ truer to life than She shifted & looked
askance at the gentleman farmer. Moves her
blooding my arm.

Oh Carinthia oh! ~~Take off~~
your veil. ~~Let you have~~ fall to the ground.
Be not ~~ashamed~~.

The recognition scene was in being.
~~Oh~~ Ferdinand. They embrace.
Scales fall from my eyes. Was this the
Child that came in the dark!
Rage Hold me, gently. let me look in thy eyes.
Did I not hold you once, ~~years~~
When these old arms that now make
halters,
were round a the plum tree branch —
What the thrush says;
~~And the~~ Then/ the wind rose, & the sky
that black drops, aye ~~to~~ Jove himself
wept at the
And bear you, high the black against the
water's edge. & so trust you to the
. To ~~the~~ the Reaper — grown a

~~And~~
An Excuse for emotion: for the three
Emotions that people feel: love, hate, fear.
The plays are mere plackets tacked
Miss La Trobe had the wit to see
that she need go no further than that.
No one need puzzle out the Plot.

NYPL

It was fully equipped
That was so in life ~~One thing~~ the emotions sprang to ~~life~~,
not in a moment; love fear hate.
~~The~~ sighed. ~~The fault the Dukes~~ So he can
marry the Duke's daughter, said a voice.
The play had given them access to the 3
emotions. Even, she supposed, the old, must
realise; as something seen in water, their
own emotion — love, hate, fear.
She ~~had~~ Oh Carinthia, oh, ... well,
that summed up what half the people there felt
at the summit of their lives. lie for the plot —
coincidence, baskets, old women over fireside,
confusion was nothing to the confusion in the:
Had I been there; a net: caught a face a mind it —
So she had married Giles: then met Haines,
last night in her dressing gown with
her hair in a plait.
Oh ~~Haines~~ Rupert oh ...
The play was passed on ~~her~~ that life;
~~as well as on~~ undoubtedly.
Hail sweet Carinthia!
~~Look where~~
~~So~~ Look to the beldame —
Poison! ~~Bear~~ ~~What for~~?
Or did she
Hail Isabella..
Look to the beldame, there..
The beldame for a reason that escaped
Isabella, ~~had~~ either joy or sorrow had
fallen in her chair. The lovers were
united. ~~Here came~~ The old Duke,

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whose cotton wool beard confused his utterance,
pronounced benediction: the villain had been slain –
the old lady removed; & now, the lovers
hands were joined; & the duke, being her
mountebank, said,

The heavens rain blessings; the skies
Dart their fendent beams. And let all
good attend you; Lead her home Sir,
& let music wayt her; [illegible]
[illegible], & the ~~winds~~ clash of trumpets,
~~for a Bride~~ we celebrate the [illegible] wedding.

~~The Gramophone~~ struck up. Great
Eliza came down off her eminence – she
had been raised on a soap box – &
all forming behind her, marched off the
grounds, while the music played.
That's a happy ending, said Isabella.

A ~~preface to~~ play,
~~Gentles~~
Gentles & simples I entreat your grace,
now we leave you, for a ~~time~~ space.
Take ~~our play,~~ & but in time;
England passes: ~~the Kings~~ [illegible]:
~~England Elizabeth~~
We thank beg you,
Leave . .

NYPL

the recognition scene was taking place.

One of the yokels displayed an arm, &, presumably, a ~~no~~ mole. ~~He was the Duke.~~

Being ~~The beldame~~ ~~No sooner was this~~

And then, ~~after~~ of course – of course – Molly Champion, who was a very creditable Heroine, – there was a wardrobe of some kind in the the village – threw ~~off her disguise~~ also gave ~~tongue~~ recognised ~~her~~ not her brother, but the Cousin; whom ~~she saw long~~. Love at first sight then occurred.

~~Oh Ferdinando~~ oh.

Look where she comes . . .

The morning star: the rose & the nightingale; the blank eye . . . orient pearl hanging in the ear of night; Look where she comes – that summed up all that most people

NYPL

The Dispersal.

Enough. Enough, is a repeater.
Shake the pearl that hangs in the Ellesmere ear.
Whats solid & central.
Everything else that was repetition, vestige.
The beldame,

The Dispersal.

Break wave that has covered me: ~~stream~~ came on the shore.
Visit the dry patches, the old vases, & the boots
forced aside by a tramp. ~~Cover over &~~ submerge
those relics, & cast offs. ~~Let these be~~, why
does the fragment of unison last no longer?
Is it not something we can preserve;
Is there nothing left over? A dream is it? & the clouds
Shadow? Passing, ~~or to~~ away. ~~For we cannot~~
Cannot we resent one ~~sentiment~~; resist dissension:
dispersal: & present, to the stare of Heaven, an
Equal countrymen? Is it never allowed us to
outstare, or renegades; ~~To~~ ~~Now the~~
Nature always return to the puddle & the ripple &
be many bladed; not single. ~~The sea~~
~~Be~~ It seemed at once painful & pleasant;
to move; yet to lose the unity.
The crude attempt of Miss La Trobe had
& what kept them sitting: & though
there was no reason to think that they had
But to have the deckchair & desk tea in the
was an ~~act~~ a release:
Bam no one ~~Gentledom~~ wanted a play to be longer.
or wasn't glad when a book was finished.
~~Be~~ Visit the old boots on the stone ~~ste~~ mud
Crumbs. why All the dryness &

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& the separateness, the infinite littleness of small objects
oppressed Isabella, as she pushed back her chair, rose &
wandered towards the house.

Distinctions had been made. The family &
friends had tea in the house: the Public in the Barn.
The Elizabethan age was over: & there was a
respite before continuing the Pageant.
~~Shadows~~ ~~be~~ Everybody moved again ~~As that~~
tendencies made themselves felt.
the man under the monkey puzzle had
~~an~~ a repulsion from the other so, for other
reasons, had Giles. Both took leave of their
own. But Mrs Parker was already
Greeting friends. ~~She was~~ pounced with her
~~Hers~~ her Albert made her uncomfortable.
Commenw. ~~It might~~ have gone very
The ~~idiot was~~ & Isabella repeated Oh
unpleasantly
Carinthea, oh... × Mrs Swithin had something about
to say to her brother: ~~Elizabethan drama~~
English literature:
~~Laughter & music~~ about but ~~say~~ consecutively:
she often thought: things: not
There was no uniformity any longer. &
~~the littler~~ already down in the dingle
where the bushes provided natural
dressing rooms, the clothes were
taken off: ~~& the past~~ Miss La Trobe
~~had~~ was left to reflect upon the hour. There
nature of drama: & the failure was lost
the mean those here.. : for
to grasp after the vanishing: for
she had ~~been~~ the creation: & working
in a medium wh- ~~left her~~
escaped her.

the cows
the cows ...

NYPL

The Dispersal.

Armed against fate the valiant Rhoderick —
the gramophone played. as they dispersed.
Armed & valiant,
Bold & blatant; ...)

~~At~~ Dispersed are we; ~~free to~~
Curved ~~Ambition soldiers~~;
Ardent for the ~~fight~~, nobly; boldly, ~~all in~~
fearing no one, ~~bearing on over the layer~~ ...
~~Anyone for~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ...

Mrs M.

Mrs Manresa pushed chairs out of the way:
~~to~~ ~~Home,~~ Follow me; What a play! — what a
lovely spectacle. ~~And~~ how well arranged — &
all be acted by the villagers? ~~I must say~~ it
~~Don't~~ Who was it? Miss La Trobe ...
Dispersed are we: dispersed are we.
She forged a way through the crowd.
So it's over: said ~~well~~ the moment's over;
& nothing is left; nothing but the ~~[illegible]~~, & that.
(she followed in Mrs Manresa's wake:
Of all the joys, & the four Emotions, none remain.
The wave has broken: but light & dry lie the
pebbles; Dry:
Boot, there among the fringes & the gilt all
& the grass blades, sigh; & the four played tail of the
the plaited mane, the joined Emotions,
festival horse; nothing but the clasp of the
few lone hate sorrow, nothing
rhyme. No substance; now it's over; & we
are dispersed, to the meat, & separate; some
~~to tea in the~~ house, others in the Bar-
She followed Manresa. — Some, — The
Dispersed are we; dispersed are we —

Great success
Don't you think
A Pig

Mrs Parker:
Oh but the fool
the idiot. He
made me
creepy

Isabella

nothing left.

NYPL

were going to the Barn; for the house; others to the Barn, for tea,

Giles

Dispersed, absolved, freed are we, from the
intolerable compulsion of the deck chair &
Manresa flesh: the propinquity, repulsive,
the propinquity repulsive, & the woman's flesh.
So let me take myself off,
Where? Anywhere. To skulk a stone alley or
a road; or alone, I say; or But can I bear
solitude — at least exposed no longer to the
buzz & the brass — & the new finger pointing its
skeleton finger at me there, in the deck chair.

Dispersed are we

Mrs Swithin

Dispersed, that's true; I who held for a moment
~~the~~ like a drop of water in the eye of a needle,
what it was about that play I saw it:
England's day. The rose; & the fawn; &
how it glittered, hung on the branches, Bart,
as when we were children — d'you remember
(the father had [illegible] am I catching
that trout? And the hook? I hauled out...

Dispersed are we.

Bart

~~But~~ For us my dear Cindy, all's over,
the church; the flare; the 'beat of the
Tom tom; & the reed with the image —
The lord that sleeps — rolled round a pebble,
shot over the fort.. Help comes...
But I say, we've no future But that is
all.

Dispersed are we

NYPL

William Dodge

Shall I be in the way? I'm not asked today. An
interloper. ~~Eaves~~ Eavesdropper; taker of notes of
things theatrically sticking to the eye.. Moments, so
they're called in the book I keep up to date,
the book of attitudes; figures; the hand outstretched;
some unnoticed gesture; as to day: the
villagers & the trees... the trees. the space & the
man.. Am I to follow? or go to the car — for
the ~~home~~ And tea? She'll be taking
~~drinking~~ & Where's tea;
Dispersed are we:

The man under the mentey puzzles

So that that. An attempt to bring home to a
garden party mixed peasants the dubious
assumption — or traced — that there were
"glorious moments": the golden age. How ha..
who ~~that~~ believe it? This babble caught from the
past — or ~~having~~ .. in these ~~apparent~~ future
Clever ladies assumption that [illegible]
was old, a mercy. ? Fiddlesticks. My
hand clicks. on the one and desolate of this
Desolation, ~~A cigar~~. – Nothing is new
they singer ; from this anthem; save that
~~And~~ Nothing new. ~~A~~
~~Antlers now~~
And nothing ~~for~~ return to nothing
Dispersed are we...
~~Chorus of~~

NYPL

Jan. 31st
1939

~~The~~ The house of the eighteenth century Earl had been
turned, in the twentieth century into a Club,
& it was the pleasant ~~custom of the~~ after
dining in the great room with the pillars to sit
on the balcony looking over the Park. The trees were
in full leaf. ~~The chestnuts~~ There were pink &
cream coloured cockades of blossom on the
Chestnuts.

~~Mrs Ivimey's party~~ Mr & Mrs Ivimey's
party were ~~having their coffee; &~~ drinking
Coffee, smoking cigars & cigarettes, ~~& the~~ and
~~while~~, as if to ~~enlighten them after~~ th: &
a a fan of li &. as if to relieve
them from the necessity of talk, as if
the display were got up for their entertainment, The
shafts of light wheeled across the sky.
~~There was a~~ In fact ~~they were~~ the air force
was ~~conducting some engineering~~ engaged in
~~finding out~~ testing its power to
discover the enemy. ~~Sometimes a~~ But
now after ~~wheeling across the sky~~ the light
after probing ~~searching~~ the sky ~~sometimes~~
~~wheeled round a~~ whirled, saw ~~fell upon the~~
~~castle~~ a white building emerged; or a tuft of
green; or a a it fell, for a second, on the
upon a bright ~~of~~ object ~~at the next~~ in a
balcony — probably a the mirror in a
ladies handbag: ~~that~~ that gleamed. & the light paused.

"Ah!" Mrs Ivimey ~~laughed~~ exclaimed
~~Everybody~~ as ~~though~~ she had seen something
"You'll never guess what ~~I thought~~" she
said; that made me see" she explained,

had come out into the darkness

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~~answering himself, because~~ nobody had said anything.
So naturally they guessed. ~~And then, to~~
No, no, no, she protested; nobody could guess.
Only she knew: & only she could know, because
she was the great grand daughter of the man himself:
Then, as they had half an hour to spare before going on ~~to the~~
party, she told them the story.

He was a very odd young man, she said, my
~~But that wasn't~~ great grandfather. But that was not.
wasn't ~~altogether his fault~~, to ~~be expected~~. They were
~~odd~~ his parents. ~~The last of an old an old~~ people who had
~~family who had been to seed.~~
come down in the world; the name was Cumber; &
they had once been gentle folk. At the beginning of the
19th century only the tower remained; this house
was a little farm house — a sitting room, a kitchen —
~~so on~~ I think there was a coat of arms over the
fireplace. (I ~~half~~ wanted to ~~thought of~~ buying it: but it would have
cost too much. ~~And~~ There was no road; only a
track across the fields.) There they lived,
the old man, the old woman who looked, & the boy.
~~week~~ lonely, & it's ~~deserted now~~, what must it have been
then? In 1820, think ... no road to the house;
the post only once a week perhaps: chickens running in and
out of the rooms; a pig ~~in the~~ sty; a ~~horse~~
in the stable; mice nibbling at the sacks; everything
falling to bits; & when the wind blew,
another stone falling from the tower. ~~And~~
There they lived. ~~He~~
~~Neva Jane, the~~
Either there was no money to send the boy — to school; or
~~name was~~ ~~He~~ Leppard — ~~However~~,
the father wanted him at home. ~~But of course~~
~~there was~~ There ~~he stayed~~
all the teaching he ever had was from
reading the old books. There they were,

His parents were odd;

We had to leave our car & traipse across the fields.

There must have been a mother; but she had died years ago.

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mouldy fusty old books: ~~or~~ ~~as~~ heaped under tables:
& cases of ~~world bird~~ stuffed fish: & a badger; ~~and~~ & a
heron, stuffed, with a snake in its bill. We
broke in, she explained, we found a window open:
we went over the house, on a June day like this;
~~many~~ some years ago.

So naturally he was queer, my great grandfather,
Leppard. ~~Cantley~~ ~~That~~ was his mother's family, we Leppards: she must
remember: & she died when he was born; & there was,
of ~~course~~, ~~there was some scandal;~~ the ~~girl who~~ ~~who~~ was she?
woman who cooked — ~~well, she was not~~ was ~~of some~~
rich, ~~she was not married to my~~ no one came there.
another reason why they ~~lived so~~ ~~never~~ married,
a ~~farm hand.~~ nobody tho' ~~why, they were~~
a mere countywoman without ~~a ring on her finger~~. who lived
Also there ~~was a globe~~: the woman — a farm hand — some one
with them was his wife — a farm hand — some one
who washed & cooked. Well the boy ~~was~~
~~left alone~~. as ~~boys~~ read these books. He had
nothing else to do of an evening. He dragged them up
to the top of the tower. The ropes still there,
& the broken steps. up he went to sit alone &
~~pore over these books~~. read his books.
~~The tower~~ There's a fine view from the tower.
~~Still a chair & a~~ There was his chair still:
with the bottom eaten out; & a table, &
~~pushed~~ the window which he sat — swinging open.
But he must have taken the telescope away.
There was no telescope when we went up the
tower.
~~I'm coming to the telescope~~.
— How do I know that there was a telescope? ?
My dear John, Mrs Gray broke off,
if there hadn't been a telescope, I shouldn't be
~~[illegible]~~ here: now... I dreamed from the
telescope. It was owing to the telescope...
Of course there was a telescope... I

Leppard!
that was the mother's name:

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~~As far as I remember, he was given~~ ~~the telescope~~
However, & why ever, they had a telescope, Certainly they
had one: - for as my Great grandfather told the story
~~it was~~ the ~~best Education he ever had~~
~~the Chief pleasure he ever had as a young man:~~
~~what he~~ did ~~every~~ ~~night~~ every night of his life, when:
~~when~~ the old couple had gone to bed: he looked at the
stars. He ~~puzzled things out for himself.~~ ~~Aldebaran~~,
Jupiter; Saturn, the Great Bear, Orion, ~~& so on~~ —
what they were, why they were: who he was:
all the thoughts that come to a person who is
alone, in a tower, with ~~old books~~ to read, & no
friends to talk to? & no society save the stars.
~~He had nothing to do~~ ~~He was~~ His
~~books~~ ~~what was~~ But naturally, at his age,
~~there wasn't much comfort to be found~~ enough.
~~he wanted~~ the ~~stars weren't~~ ~~fade~~
Stars aren't inhabited: ~~stars aren't~~ ~~So what was he to do~~
~~stars aren't enough~~. is — She looked at the
~~Zone~~ or ~~others~~ are, — that were beginning to come out
stars ~~above~~ the hum of
over the Park. ~~They seemed~~ They ~~thought~~ of
London sank away. They looked, as stars look, very peaceful, but indifferent.
The ~~Poor~~ Nigel Leppard Lumber up in his tower
in the Yorkshire ~~state~~ seemed to be in the early years of Queen
Victoria looking at the stars. Mrs
Ivimey shivered; the ~~the hum of voice~~ behind.
~~People were~~ still dining in the room
A voice said, ~~There are now few~~
Police ~~are~~" ~~And~~ Friday I'd love to"
~~Friday: next~~ ... Regatta on Enghey,
~~He~~ There, said Mrs Ivey. ~~He~~
~~that~~ was what he wanted;

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"Right you are, Friday..." But there wasn't another ~~house for miles.~~ ~~anyone~~ agree to say ~~anything~~ of that ~~sort~~ up there.

~~He~~, he was growing up; he was 17 or 18: rather an attractive looking boy ~~[illegible]~~ the he must have been: so rugged as an old man, with a blue eyes, & a shock of white hair: ~~he never~~ ~~altogether lost the look of~~ a stargazer's eyes.. but a man's body. ~~It was a June day~~ ~~ten~~ about 1820-

week down on a June day, ~~or~~ ~~early up~~ a June day like this, lets suppose; the fields full of daisies: ~~there, seen in the sun~~ the wind running through the grass: but never a sound but the wind; ~~who~~ or perhaps the woman scouring pans in the farmyard: perhaps the horse champing in the stable; when we broke in down much the same: d'you remember & how a stray cat eating birds on the cobbles; & how a sighing [illegible] ~~as~~ how there was one sound round the house; - & how I said, & suddenly, a stone [illegible] fell from the roof? That was the kind of day down: & my great grandfather with nothing to do; the ~~horse~~ & the old man dozing in the parlour. & the old women scouring the pans: Nobody to do & he would look till the stars came out, the Seven gaze at Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, the [illegible] Sisters... I ~~that afternoon was~~ as of the sun and never go after the sky: seemed as of the day were somehow stretched ~~so that~~ so beautiful. so vague. so empty. It

lived at the centre of this labyrinth of words, a man
sitting alone in his College room, thinking — about
Now the reader is ~~aware~~ of complexity in being
He can read in many different moods. He can
satisfy the desire for information, he can
draw in from the printed page knowledge of times past:
~~curious~~ anecdotes; reflections; he can see England
at the moment: he can ~~forge~~ circle forward.
backward; he can draw in what feels
~~reflections or~~ he can read directly what is on the page;
or drawing aside can read what is not ~~said~~ there.

The ~~reader then~~ A ~~sense of sense of~~ a ~~two~~ lengthen
Time seems endless. There is a continuity in his
book that the play has not. It gives a
different pace to the mind. ~~It loosens it~~
~~from the present moment.~~ We are in a
world where nothing is concluded. And

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He could see the land stretched out from his tower:
miles of it: Green, ~~blue~~ purple, moor; blue white sky.
The vast unending empty land. He ~~sat~~
~~He~~ . And he sat down ... & put his eye to the
telescope: Only, as it was day, he turned it to the
earth. He ~~turned~~ focused it so that he could
make out the trees in a distant wood; could
see the birds hovering over them; then he lowered
it: there was smoke rising from the trees: he lowered it;
there were chimneys; a farm house; still further
he lowered it, & behold there was the house,
the distant farm, as clear as if he were at the gate.
And there came out of the door a girl; he could
see her plainly: she stood at the door, looking
round her; watching for someone. He could see
that she was in blue; & then a man
came; & they standing the middle of the lawn,
they clasped each other in their arms: they kissed -
they kissed.

He But he could not could watching it no longer. He ran
~~matched his~~ just as he was,
down the tower stairs. through the
& ran & ran & ran, through the fields,
lanes, till he reached that farm house, late in the
covered with dust, & scarlet with running,
evening. He ~~found the~~ She was my
Great grandmother; the girl who wore
something blue: who kissed the man
in the telescope.

Again the shaft of light wheeled
round the sky. A faint light
fell when Mrs Ivimey sitting on the
balcony. or of a telescope had

meditations in real people, acting a story. And so
the vast accumulations that have filtered from books
down into the quiet college room ~~flow~~ meander
over the page. He cannot write a sentence without
remembering what some other man has said. But
instead of this vision is multiplied. He sees
with the eyes of a thousand men: yet what
he sees the eyes of a thousand dead men to
verify what he sees. ~~Yet~~ He ~~does not~~ Yet all
these reflections serve to enrich his own vision.
Man is melancholy, now. ~~But he has been~~
Man has been melancholy always: in Greece in Rome:
he has been mad always: he has been cruel: he
has tortured & killed: & even now in England =
Yet there is a tolerance in his soliloquy: he is
He sees through a thousand screens what lies
immediately before him — the unhappy heart of
man. Yet these innumerable instances of
pains, of melancholy, the reflections serve to
Chequer the immediate spectacle. There is
~~is~~ From books he has won the tolerance,
meditations the sense that we are not single
figures, but ~~so~~ innumerably repeated: the
individual comes ~~He~~ In pursuit of melancholy he
ranges over the whole world, though he has never
left his college room. Instances are drawn
from all quarters. ~~They~~ are illustrated by
anecdotes ~~And these~~,
~~For the~~ Yet though the theme is Melancholy, the
sentiment is humorous. ~~Because this~~ We are at a
remove from the thing treated. We are considering it
generally. We are enjoying the spectacle of
melancholy, not sharing in its anguish.

That is the ~~prime~~ gift of the book —
Then we develop the other free faculties that
the play left dormant: to muse, to
spec~~ulate, to~~ the private faculties: the
the to stop, to think, to compare, to turn our
eyes upon the writer & to laugh at the man

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were circling round the sky, & some one, stopping had fixed his eyes on her. Then the light passed on.

Do you think ~~he~~ — Nigel Lepper Combe — was the ~~fate~~ appointed by fate to rescue the damsel? said Mr. Brough. the architect:

was ~~Committee~~ made on.

The man, said Mrs. Ivimey, was a wrong un.

And Nigel Lepper Combe, said Mrs Ivimey, as for ~~Fat~~ was ~~Secretary for of State~~ for ~~war~~, a very distinguished man of science:

~~He did~~ Without him, the aeroplane would never have been invented.

~~They were a model couple, said Mrs Ivimey.~~

But the house, said Mrs Ivimey, must have fallen to the ground before now. While the tower is standing.

~~What then~~ So that]

D'you believe in fate? said Mrs. Clarence Smith...

I believe —...

~~Then the~~ But she shrugged her shoulders. How? ~~What do I kn~~ Why do things happen? ~~Look at~~ But the light seemed to fall upon a for a moment upon the ~~past.~~ That's why I told the story. ~~The~~ If the telescope hadn't fallen on that face — ~~such~~, I should never have ~~sat here~~... I should have been, ... what nowhere... nowhere." ~~Certainly~~ And, as they looked at the stars, nowhere became fit visible for a moment.

The reader then comes into existence some time in the 16th Century; & his life history, could we discover it, would be well worth writing. At some point his ear must have lost its acuteness; at another his eye must have lost its sharpness. Our own attempts when we read the Early plays, to ~~supply~~ the ~~trumpets~~ & the flags, the citizens & the apprentices is an ~~attempt~~ effort to revert to an Earlier stage. The ~~difficulty~~ is great. ~~The~~ ~~In~~ trying to ~~see~~ ~~what~~ ~~we~~ we are trying to be ~~among~~ ~~the~~ audience: to be a spectator not a reader. ~~As~~ ~~But~~ ~~the~~ ~~we~~ are making ~~an~~ effort to ~~forget~~. As time goes on, ~~distracts~~ ~~us~~; the ~~reader~~ Our reading faculty distracts us. ~~But~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ As Later, as the reading faculty develops, readers separate into different classes;

the

Yet the presence of the reader is felt even when ~~there~~ in the audience on the Bankside. It was for him that Nashe wrote that strange amorphous book The Terror Traveller – which ~~which~~ ~~belongs~~ to no ~~Class~~; which ~~has~~ ~~its~~ the ~~is~~ for him that Burton compiled that extraordinary medley, the Anatomy of Melancholy. It is through the ~~influencing~~ the ~~reader~~ It is there that the reader makes her first appearance. ~~It~~ is for this there that we find the writers completely conscious of their reader; addressing him in person, & bringing the man behind the book, into existence. ~~Namely~~, the man behind the book, into existence. He first & slowest that curious power which ~~was~~ ~~to~~ was to become so highly developed – the power of ~~...~~ I am a rich bachelor... I am neither rich nor poor... I am content... I am lazy... I ~~desire~~ ~~both~~ ~~to~~ within. I am very ... I am a spectator one of other men's fortunes... He is there as a spectator, not an actor. ~~He~~ is there as no audience forces him to embody his

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But where do I begin? — In 1820 I think.. It must have been about that date — say when my great grandfather was a boy. I'm not young myself; & he was very very old. Well, he was a very old grey man.

We broke in, what ten years ago, on a June day like this. We were motoring. We had to leave the car & walk, across the field. There wasn't a road to the house. Nobody was there then. We I ~~[illegible] felt such silence~~. There were ~~the I saw~~ a coat of arms over the fireplace... And that's what it must have been like in the 100 years ago... ~~so~~ when they lived there... — There were still some books. The [illegible] study out; the.

Silence fell [illegible] Then:
Then two ~~[illegible] came~~ & a voice...
Rather more finely.
They came [illegible] the ladies

It was so lonely. he [illegible] like
a [illegible] he said. like rooms
from the moon [illegible] the [illegible].
Every [illegible] we [illegible]. & the flower
[illegible] down in [illegible]..

At the
[illegible] the first time
we had seen
a man they a woman —
their dreams!
What did they think!
what
How did he explain himself!
The world [illegible]
very [illegible]
as they [illegible] still? —

But the reader
It is only when she reads that she comments: when she goes to the play she says only "Supped with my Lord & Lady Dorset & after supper saw the play of the Mad Lovers in the Hall .. or "We stood to see the Masque in the box with my Lady Rutland!" For the reader, was born

The ~~reader~~ ~~then~~ presumably when the playhouse shut. The curious faculty of making [illegible] own & [illegible] conversations, men women & their emotions, from marks on a printed page, was ~~oddly~~ undeveloped so long as the stage was dominant. The

The great Elizabethan house, Penshurst, Wilton, as we
see it now, looks out of proportion, ~~it is because~~
with surroundings. This is because ~~the idea~~ ~~its~~ the connection
with the ~~village~~ ~~is~~ great house & the village is lost.
If we could see it ~~as it was when in being~~,
as the ~~airman sees as Stowe when~~ in being we
should see ~~the the farm, the cottage, roads~~ as an
airman sees the foundations of old towns
still ~~existing~~ marked on the fields, we should see
the ~~great~~ tracks leading from the farm to the cottage;
we should see the great house as an oasis in the
in the midst of wild country;

If we could see the great house as Stowe ~~when Spenser~~
~~Stow~~ in the time of Spenser, we should see
tracks ~~leading to~~ ranging out to farms, & to cottages, to
a barns: We ~~should see~~ it like a ~~green~~ oasis in
the middle ~~of a desert~~. The ~~[illegible]~~ It was
It ~~it was necessary~~ of the great house were to
resist the ~~enemy that it should~~ the enemy, man,
that there ~~should~~ was be armour in the chest: to
fight against hunger & winter there must be grain in the
barn. The common fight linked the great house to the
small. This that connection ~~that is detailed~~
~~in so many~~ between master & man that is
~~new detail described so painfully & minutely in the~~
medieval ~~account books, inventories~~, that is
so minutely & painfully revealed in the ~~innumerable~~
in the Paston letters: It makes the staple of
medieval correspondence. But there was
also the other connection – ~~there was~~ the
common belief. That bond between the
great house & the small has been ~~often~~ covered
over. ~~Just as the antiquaries~~, ~~so that~~
like the ~~pilgrims way~~, ~~which is~~ old track
~~road~~ under the hill, ~~was~~ along which ~~we~~ are
~~trod by Chaucer~~ the pilgrims rode to Canterbury.

of common needs.

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~~saw~~ in the time of Spenser, we should see
tracks ~~leading to~~ ranging out to farms & to cottages, to
a barns. We ~~should see~~ it like a ~~green~~ oasis in
the middle ~~of a desert~~. The ~~duty~~ It was
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like the ~~pilgrims way, which is~~ old track
~~road~~ under the hill, ~~was~~ along which ~~we~~ are
~~told by scholars~~ the pilgrims rode to Canterbury.

of common needs.

attend her. ~~And she~~ is for ever asserting her self; her property, with initial carved in stone, even over farm house walls. This is her property; this land is hers. She ~~sense~~ of ~~the right of blood~~, of something sacred in flesh & blood: so when Lord Mr Spaced marries Anne Erwin "A cit" "was held a very mean match, an undiscreet on part of him". ~~Already~~
For the noble families, the Herberts, the Russells, the Stanleys, are already ~~weaving themselves together; a race set~~ set ~~apart~~, ~~weaving their~~ webs, at the centre of which is King James.

Her whole effort is to count; ~~to amass~~, to hoard; ~~&~~ to as if she had no sense of change; as if she believed that this is not only right but ~~advantage to~~ that the concrete body — it can ~~survive~~ survive; as if there were for her an immortality of the body:

One must ~~proclaim~~ its solidity in order quite faith one in the body, as one perhaps in the soul.

Yet there were moments when this ~~heav~~ carapace of possession proved too heavy ~~for~~ her: when she "Upon the 1st I rose by times in the morning & went up to the Pagan Tower to my prayers & saw the sun rise. ~~Again~~, Thursday. A strange comet like a canopy in the air".

"If I had not excellent Chaucer's book here to comfort me, I were in a pitiable case, having so many troubles as I have here, but when I read in that, I scorn & make light of them all, & a little part of his beauteous spirit infuses itself in me":

This ~~a queer transition~~; a strange reversal — ~~for the~~ world of ~~valuer & diamonds~~. from the solid earth ~~to the~~ of Westmorland, to the other world a fertile one, when her eye turns from the delight of possessing land, to the other delights of the a change of perspective, & there which is Knole, & she adds that postscript to a letter about a little cabinet & cup wh. she had left with Lady Kent, when she borrowed 2 hundred pound of her.

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No one except now. But ~~in the~~ when Spenser came to
~~Pen~~hurst, that track led from the Great house to the
hovel. ~~They believed~~ In the spring they danced
round the Maypole; ~~in summer~~ at midsummer the
bonfire was lit on the hill; at harvest time the
waggons were crowned: at Christmas the mummers & the
wassailers sung under the windows. ~~Long~~ They
~~were believed~~ ~~Beneath the~~ ~~the Sun~~ Summer
Spring & summer & winter were gods. The sun was
a god, the earth a goddess. This ancient belief
lay ~~hid~~ beneath the Christian beliefs.

Still stored
the Pagan beliefs,
in the Ch man
Common mind.

& ~~there was still in being the old Pagan~~
was ~~still in being; the old English gods were~~
the Pagan Gods, were still ~~in the fields to be~~
~~worshipped~~ alive. to be served, to be worshipped.

were served
under the
semblance of the
Christian.

~~And~~ ~~Even if the Christian faith had~~ And
~~Even of the Gods were losing their power, there was~~
the Even if the worship of the Pagan gods was
losing its authority, ~~there was still~~
& even if the names of the Pagan ~~gods were~~
slowly sinking into forgetfulness, there
~~remained~~ the ~~desire, when spring came, to~~
~~put off the~~ the old desire remained ~~to~~
when spring came after the winter, or in the
cold of Christmas, to slip ~~off the~~ bonds of
~~work~~; to make cease, for one day only, from the
daily work; to ~~be~~ enact, to represent, to
make something which had no use or
give ~~shape to the old~~ of ~~which~~ connection
with the daily ~~fight~~ struggle to impersonate,
to ~~dress up~~ to become, for one day, a
the ~~thing that was~~ to believe in person, to
~~represent in~~ ~~make a~~ to make with ones
~~own~~ body a symbol of the
to bring out, ~~to~~ half ~~hours~~ ~~to~~ into the ~~air~~ light,
the decked up presentation of ~~those~~
song, of laughter, & to dance & sing, to

to celebrate
the common
instinct, to

that Latimer deplored because
The Great house is visible in the pages of Lady Anne-
Clifford's diary. ~~It is this stuffed with~~
~~furniture. This~~ She ~~is above all things,~~ possessive.
She ~~h~~ is aware from her first youth of her
rights; of ~~her position~~. She ~~is~~ has her feet
grasped upon her lands. ~~She has no~~
She has no ~~doubt whatsoever that~~ a
profound & intense belief in the rights of the possessor.
~~It. Even as~~ ~~Idiot~~ She ~~believes, with a~~
in the solidity of the land; in the
~~rights of ownership.~~ The ~~reality of the body~~ is
the body is visible to her. She ~~was~~ is for ever
rebuilding castles; acquiring land, asserting her
rights to property; accumulating, hoarding;
claiming diamond buttons, making inventories of her
possessions; establishing her family, binding for her
grandchildren so that ~~we~~ they too may
taste the delight of possession. ~~The~~ ~~No~~
The living body is robed in black taffeta with a
yellow taffeta waistcoat. When the body is
dead, it is wrapped in lead; to as if ~~these were~~ ~~from decay~~ The
it ~~were~~ to preserve it as long as possible: the
sense of the body permeates her pages: the
solidity of matter; ~~the~~ as if ~~rubies,~~ diamonds,
~~enforced some~~ were a
fur ~~cloaks~~ ~~&~~ ~~was~~ ~~more~~ the
the body gained in dignity, ~~were~~ more stately
human ~~was~~ ~~were~~ more expensive, ~~to~~ in to the public eye.
when it's carcase flashed.
the ~~body is~~ she reveals the emptiness of
England, when, merely to see an old countess buried,
the common people come flocking. & The
effort of moving across All movements
become spectacular. Six bay horses drag the
coach. The coach is lined with green cloth, &
laced with green & black silk lace: crowds

as if to solidify
them still further.

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to embody in any own person the beliefs & fears, &
~~the~~ which were so strong then, ~~in the~~ when the
so much depended on the sun: when so little
was known. The ~~historian tells~~ us ~~that~~ how
this double instinct — all through the ~~the~~
mid~~dle ages their beliefs, the desire~~. middle ages
the ~~roads were~~ there, ~~as the historian tells~~ us,
~~the~~ ~~Down these~~ they sunken road, ~~the~~ that track of
ancient belief, lay between the great house & the
cottage. In the noble, as in the peasant, a
half spoken anonymous voice murmured of
old gods, of old church; of what would
propitiate, what ~~would of~~ ~~of~~ what the well &
the tree were still haunted. And, as the scholar
tell us, both ~~noble~~ & ~~peas~~ peasants, ~~must~~ feeling
with the same need of some~~thing to~~ embody this,
belief, ~~the same need of~~ of something to
express the ~~lal~~ having the same need of
expression of embodiment, of dance, & song
~~Every~~ ~~Down the roads~~ along the roads,
from town to town, from great house to great
house. Came the wandering minstrels; the
rhymer, the mummer, the juggler, the bear leader.
~~Because they supplied the~~ Even the King & Queen
must have their ~~actors,~~ song makers attached to them.

someone who
could express,
embody, give
voice to the
hidden instinct.

~~the~~ Even though, ~~presumably~~ partly
because the ~~art~~ actor displays his body, ~~the actress~~
the ~~art of the mummer~~ the ~~actors trade~~ was
~~despised~~, partly too because ~~there~~ ~~those were~~
the songs, & dance, communication is beyond the pale, &
L. ~~sees the~~ sees the pageant vicariously
mocking, the actors were ~~a~~ despised,
they were necessary. Even the Church men,
conscious as they ~~were~~ that homage was
being paid to another God than theirs,
could not suppress them; ~~or~~ all they could do
was to divert the ~~worship~~ ~~stream of accounts~~ to
~~increased~~ ~~fear the worse~~ make the

It is the writer in ~~embryo~~: capable that is of all the
impulses of a writer, save only that he cannot ~~&~~ give his ~~expression~~
his emotions; but but cannot give them shape
& this ~~connection is of the~~ & his influence
upon whatever writes is must be prodigious; it
unrealised:
power to this weakly & blind infant, the
stretching out his hands in the glare of the
[illegible] playhouse, & turning away wearily
from its [illegible] that we owe the
Elizabethan novels — & a book like the
Tristram Shandy, for example:
very curious, ~~still half born~~, half born book:
a book that is still amorphous: & either one
thing or another: a book that the writer
cannot control, because the reader is
not yet able to read; a book that
flops & flounders, is now all [illegible] &
[illegible], yet has so long as ~~the words~~,
But then the said that [illegible]. had took a place [illegible] it;
& [illegible]
For the [illegible] the reader was ~~powerless in presence of the~~
The weakness of the reader is unbelievable.

only the power of creation:
Its: The immense richness is prematurely at times a perfect strain.
It is not

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irrepressible instinct ~~turns~~ flow into religious channels miracle plays
& they turn their ~~Bur~~ to ~~confine to~~
so to induce the rhymer & the mummer. The
juggler & the bear leader to put ~~off~~ their
pagan leaves, their bells, their motley, &
robe themselves in the service of the Christian
God.

That was the other bond between the Great
house & the cottage. For though the Great,
with their ~~with their ACGA~~ speaking
French as easily as English, with their Latin & Greek
tags on their tongues, ~~despised the~~
might despise the jargon of the peasant, they
shared the superstitions. An old woman in a
Cott-hovel was to the King himself even.
the vessel of an unclean spirit. A Dun
Chicken, she said, sucked on her chin. When the
pilliwinks were applied to her, she confessed.
On All Hallows E'en last she with 200
witches had gone to sea, each one in a
riddle or sieve drinking & ~~so~~ making merry
till they came to the Kirk of N. Berwick
in Lowthian where they landed & danced a
reel. When the Earl of Denby died a witch was
mumbling in the corner of his room. She confessed
how she had thrown a cat into the sea –
raised a storm that had sunk the Kings ships.

Juggler, minstrel,
& sacred trees, &
holy wells: & mummers
Wanton bards
& Rymers
impudent.

The Great house then, where the nobles read
the Faery Queen aloud, was connected
with the village by their superstitions, needs, beliefs.
Spenser himself heard the rhymers & the
impudent bards. ~~It was at~~ He saw,
at in , the Green man. It was
said that he was present at the
the pageant, ~~in which Greeks~~ played before
Of Elizabeth in 15– . It was an
a revival – already time had given
a standing apart the past
their customs curiosity, was being built.
For already the other house

conscious of ~~any~~ a duty owed to the general public: for the
public ~~has~~ was a set ~~making no~~ ~~asking no questions,~~
~~letters &~~ asking many for information, either ~~about the~~
play, ~~or the playwright~~. for instruction, for
the general public is used to draw in the play as
they stood or ~~sat~~ sat at the playhouse, through
their ears through their eyes. They could not
deepen & revise these impressions at a table in a
private room. & ~~thus~~ we that a book the word by the
they could not ask the kind of questions which
~~was to call forth our a profession~~ in our day
is debated answered ~~in~~ every day in the newspapers.

Much that was lost in the playhouse was
discovered when the play was read in the
private room - the criticism of the last hundred years
~~has~~ has added to the ~~common~~ understanding of
Shakespeare. But much was also lost for ever
when the playhouse shut. the sound of the spoken word:
the : ~~what~~ the

As ~~for the~~ the ~~eye~~ ~~whether the~~

To ~~the~~: ~~It is of course~~ But how far

So far the Elizabethan Drama is lucid

~~the~~ To the profit & loss of this account has
difficult to settle — on the one hand, the habit of
reading has brought into existence much that
could only be discovered in the private room:
Johnson, Coleridge, Bradley ~~to name some~~ who have been,
to take some other obvious names, since the last
reading Shakespeare into existence,
200 years - have increased our understanding.
But much was lost for ever when the playhouse
That we have lost the sound of the spoken
word: all that I can understand lustre & bloom, in.
There is a physical quality in the language
wh. may spring be come ~~from the~~ when there is
no ~~printed~~ is heard, not printed
we mean a second suggestion that the drama
This can be tested, ~~chiefly in the~~ (but plays rarely in Shakespeare:
the same plays are only acted once in a blue moon)
have almost disappeared from the stage) by comparing our
impressions after seeing the play with our impressions after
reading the play.

There ~~is an entry in~~ Henslowes diary, which
Henslowe in   had jotted down in his diary the cost of
the Cakes, the nails, the timber that he had
bought. For painting the theatre.
And for the Clothes worn by the play then -
That ~~was the house that~~ the playhouse
which being built on the Banks of the Thames -

But how far were the playwrights author in 1570 separate
from Anon the minstrel, the ballad singer?
The fact seems to be that, while Spenser
attached his name to the Faery Queen, the author of
the Spanish Tragedy left his work so unsigned
This is a sign ~~also~~ that there were two publics:
the reading, & the playgoing. ~~There is a division~~
It marks a distinction between two kinds of
work — two methods, ~~two~~ two attitudes of mind.
Where had been no minstrels, would English literature
have remained a read, a book literature;
no stage, no common art: but always one book to be
read, privately: —

The Reader.

We can be suppose then that the ~~reader~~ reading public ~~came into~~
existence some four hundred years ago; when the playhouse
could ~~no longer contain the play~~. ~~But he was~~
when the play outgrew the playhouse; when the
playhouse was shut. But ~~he was~~
the " " – ~~was brought into being by~~
came into existence ~~when~~ in the printed play the playhouse was ~~&~~
shut; & ~~when the plays outgrew the theatre.~~
& in the second became the play ~~became~~
outgrew the theatre. But the reading public
must have a small one: ~~a &~~ ~~restricted~~ confined from the
scholars & courtiers. The lack of
general ~~wide~~ common ~~spread~~ reading ~~explains~~ accounts for
the long pause, between Shakespeare's death and the
18th century when the plays of Shakespeare
hang suspended, unrealised. They had to
wait until the plays were ~~in m~~. ~~on~~
open on many private tables, in many hours of leisure,
before they received the other life ~~which~~ the
detached, the particular life ~~which~~ that
the reader confers. ~~This~~ Again, ~~it accounts for~~
~~this~~ the smallness of the reading public,
& its specialised nature, ~~explains~~ accounts for the
scarcity of Eliz. criticism, & the general
nature of what criticism there is. ~~Both~~
~~Sidney & Jonson deal with the general~~
Both Sidney & Jonson ~~are~~ deal with the theory of
poetry or of drama, not with the particular plays
poem, the ~~attention which~~ both Sidney &
Jonson ~~devote~~ are concerned with general
questions, of the nature of poetry & drama,
such as ~~occur~~ to ~~the~~ ~~trained~~ writer; & not
~~in~~ writing about matters that interest writers; ~~not with the~~ particular
The ~~critic~~ ~~there is no~~ the critic was not
~~in~~ the concerned ~~with explaining~~ They are not

& cd. only be realised fully if read

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The ~~old belief is~~ .

After that I had accomplished & finished
divers histories . . . many noble & divers
gentlemen of this realm of England came &
demanded me many & oft times — " Caxton wrote in
the preface to the Morte d'Arthur . . why ~~he~~ " to
imprint the history of the said noble King &
conqueror King Arthur, & of his knights with the
history of the Saint Greal, & of the death &
ending of the said Arthur ".
~~Here then in~~ In the 21 books of the Morte D'Arthur
is the ~~belief which was~~ ~~we have the~~ ~~belief of the~~
preserve, ~~even~~ what lay beneath the
~~legends~~ , ~~It is here we~~ ~~& what we keep the~~ the
~~lowest~~ deep reservoir we keep what lay
beneath the ~~human~~, peasant & the noble; what beneath opinion — the Even in the 15th
deep reservoir of hardly old ~~belief~~ story
Century a peasant said " : Then in Malory's
~~Then~~ ~~In Malory's pages we~~
pages that we hear the ~~anonymous~~,
half ~~conscious~~ voice of anon ~~as~~
telling his tales to the noble & the peasants &
reminding them of the ~~very~~ old kings
Knights who ~~lived~~ went their ways through the
wild woods seeking adventure. When Caxton
objected that King Arthur never lived, the noble
answered him that Sir Gawaine's skull at
Dover, & Round Table at Winchester " in
other places Launcelot's sword & many other
things ". The book itself ~~testifies~~ to
to ~~this double~~ is ~~part~~ In the book itself this
the dream ~~is mixed~~ with reality
half fable, half fact. ~~To~~ ~~In~~ ~~we~~ The book
represents Caxton sceptical & the noble faith
then half fable, half fact. ~~now~~ Merlin ~~tower~~

Half forgotten, yet
still vivid
memory.

The ~~mystery story~~ The Reader.

You will come

That is because the reader is here

That is largely because ~~the reader is near~~

The reader

And here we come ~~upon one story~~

This ~~the~~ due to the absence, today

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there is London, there is the Archbishop of Canterbury. Merlin casts his enchantments; Morgan le Fay turns herself into a stone; & ~~the~~ high roads are but knights are riding the roads; the roads lead to castles where knights lie in prison; ~~the~~ Four Queens pace on white mules; ~~the~~ a ship with silken sails draws to the water; ~~the~~ Morgan le Fay turns herself to stone; the hand rises from the lake holding Excalibur.

~~Is it a child's story? No, for the~~ The candour is like a child's: yet it is not a story told to children. There is evil in their world; love; & sorrow. The story is one we tell ~~It is rather a~~ story that we tell. But the proportions are different. ~~There is no perspective. The~~ It has not our perspective. There is ~~repetition, catalogue, dream~~: The inventory is very precise. ~~Like children, the King~~ The catalogue is made with a child's particularity. ~~And then~~ But it is the clear eye that sees so dispassionately; & ~~the~~ without exaggeration. For there is a ~~h~~ limited description of what was real: there is no sense of the picturesque; & the beauty is ~~the~~ in the object, not in the writer's manipulation."

61 "& – . So he went in & ~~found~~ searched from chamber to chamber, & found her bed, but she was not there; then Balin looked into a fair little garden, & under a laurel tree he saw her lie upon a quilt of green samite, & a knight with her, & under their head grass & herbs." . .

79 Then the King looked about the world . .

This is not a child's world: it is a world before the self consciousness had added any mirror. There are men & women

This brittle & imperfect sketch, with its exaggerations & foreshortenings, serves to bring out only the shapes of certain prominent objects; ~~but~~ & ~~that~~ so ~~convey~~ & that perhaps so partially that they are unrecognisable. Its imperfections can best be ~~pointed out~~ by renouncing, for a moment, the critical attitude; & talking ~~for a moment~~ as readers talk for a moment without the book. Let us look at the critical position & discover why it is so alien to the private position. In the first place, the critic is infallible. But in order to attain this attitude he has to stiffen himself. A more supple method seems needed. If we ~~could~~ return to the age of innocence: if we could talk: if we could even write a letter to a friend about Shakespeare. ~~Indeed the~~ ~~we~~ discover some way of preserving those natural exclamations.

~~Much~~ This is a ~~long time~~ our boredom; our the boredom of books: this the [illegible] preparing with which they climb passages: if we could return to the innocent state of reading: or even & also those clear seeing eyes.
But we come, at the end; when so much has been ~~done~~. so much said so much known: so great a human effort has been expended. In order to provide us with our knowledge, many lives have been passed in coal mines: And this the result is of no importance, we must respect the effort. A great gulf now separates us from the book. Filled with bored, yet respectful readers. ~~Then we~~ ~~&~~

singular, gigantic; freed from something impure; yet old; sin tarnished; corrupt: in the midst of the fresh, innocent landscape, remembering; — ~~par~~ ~~It~~ To follow the knights & ladies in this strange pre-historic England is to lose our bearings; to shed many habits of thought; but ~~we~~ after all ~~this~~ it is not an imported fabricated world; it is behind us still, deep down: & savage, primitive, still existing today.

~~But~~ Of the writer, nothing is known. He does not exist apart from his book. He is ~~like~~ the anonymous voice speaking anonymously: the voice of a very old yet ~~still~~ still common world, where the story is already known to the listener, ~~where the listener~~ the listener the voice of an unknown man, who has been travelling in strange lands, & comes to the door, across the marsh, through the flood, to remind the noble or the peasant of what he has heard long ago.

In the great house & in the cottage this half articulate anonymous voice murmured of old gods, & kings & knights & ladies. The well & the tree were still haunted. King Arthur the foresters tell XVII that "about noon, or at midnight, when the moon is full & shining, they often see an array of hunters with dogs & sound of horns, who, in answer to the enquirers, say that they are of the household & fellowship of Arthur." Carrying the words from town to town, from one great house to another came the minstrels the rhymers, the jugglers the bear leaders, the makers of ballads. ~~then~~ for while for those who could read it & English, Caxton

thing that grinned beneath the warehouses; & St Pauls
rises. The gulls are swooping; & some small boys
paddle in the pebbles. Above the sky is
puddled & crowded with purple streamers.
We are still thinking of the plays, because
it was here that the Globe stood. Now let us
give way to the ~~fr~~ imagination. ~~Let~~ all
What ~~are four hundred years.~~ ~~We can~~
~~What~~ the roar & the chaos; the grind of
wheels: the general diffusion: all
won breed a great desire for statement.
Such was one of the elements in the drama.
Another, the language. ~~In~~ Here is the
unwritten poem. In this disorder, this sound
the difficulty of keeping away from the
statement. a roar, a general incoherence.
the pressure of light, a glitter: some
saying: an attitude. In us
Leaning over the river, long one way in some
alley; there rises the curious nameless
~~Desire~~ to express — ~~but how~~
the ~~more~~ heightened ~~the more need of~~
~~poetry~~ ~~Who is there~~
~~It~~ This is especially important, to the
understanding of the poem, ~~to~~ not to read at all.
to dip now & again into the enchanted.
& to talk, with many elisions, much
left out.
This is particularly true today, when
the economic force is cutting the cable into
a thermal form.
For then we revive the reader — a very
impatient person. ~~The~~ For the reader was
born when the playhouse closed.

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book loved the story of Arthur.

Then, the instinct to enact, to impersonate, what they ~~see~~ heard came into being. Even the King & Queen must have their minstrels to give shape to their hidden instincts. The actor was despised: ~~thus~~ for he displayed his body: also, because, feeling himself an outcast, he used the outsiders privilege to of irresponsible mockery. Yet just as we tolerate those who say what we are too proud to admit, the minstrel was tolerated. Even the churchmen, aware that ~~the~~ other gods than his were being worshipped, ~~he~~ could not suppress the actor. When he was no longer of any use, they constrained the juggler & the dancer to put off their leaves & their bells & to robe themselves as the personages in a miracle play. But when the old ~~fab~~ ~~stor~~ religious story was stale, they ~~lett~~ played in the Churchyard, & at last set up their pageant in the market place.

The churchmen loathed him.

Spenser, she said, was ~~a~~ with among the audience at one of these old pageants.

~~He noted~~

And after her came jolly June arrayed
~~arrayed~~ All in greene leaves, as he a player were.

so many years, he has not been later than nine at the Museum. Or, his lectures have been so regular that one cd find him at his place at the reading desk at ~~ten~~ ten every Monday. ~~It is it~~. There is no need to discuss the effect of that prohibition. If we could evade all this, we should have to sink into a very dusky layer of the mind. to be able to put down the book or the paper & the pen. to ~~clear~~ free ourselves entirely from the subservience ~~to the fact~~. to free ourselves from all the imposition of authority & the dominion of what is customary.

~~How often~~ to say openly, that there is nothing ~~doing. There is~~ to ~~stop~~ with

All these are ~~dr~~ forces that diminish, distract.

The ~~truth is that~~ ~~It is would be~~

There ~~remains~~ ~~to~~

Let us ~~say then that~~ try then to recapture some active experience, which seems to have a connection, though ~~a different one~~, with the experience of reading these old books: to spring from pointers; to be interfused with the same emotion.

Let ~~us forget~~. ~~For you~~

~~Whether the bus still runs,~~

If number 18 still runs, let us take it, when the evening time is at hand, down to London Bridge. There is a curious smell in this part of the world, of hops, of tar; & also a curious confraternity. A woman from one may hail a man from the other. ~~The shouted word~~ mixing Here there is no differentiation. The streets are drab enough. The river has a great turbulent swollen stream. The cranes are picking sacks from the hold of ships. There is a

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Anon

Anon ~~Died~~ . . round about 1477. It was the printed book that killed him. ~~Yet~~ at first, the printed ~~book~~ after that the song was.

The 1st C.

Then the house is built; & the voice ne. – a clergyman; looks back. He ~~looks back~~ Time has drawn its blue veil over the history. He has time to think about the heart in the print of the passage. He

Anon is singing

all ~~through~~
~~Then he~~ When the house is built Anon stops at the back door. He ~~sings~~ [illegible] they take fruits; [illegible] has ~~seen~~ gone down into the kitchen into the [illegible]. He sings in an [illegible] key.. He sings to singing men – maids. He tells them what they have heard already.

8 But save for this voice; the English might be a dumb race.
& further some of Chaucer & Langland the English might be a dumb race; to

7 The historian [illegible]

the nurse in the Ingle. The mothers & the aides.

Then ~~the pr~~ ~~then about~~
Anon is still the only articulate voice.

~~But He~~

The house however becomes more – more comfortable. At last we see someone in the house.

Writer in haste . . . And the floor of the house is in darkness.

The printing Press had come. And the – printing press that preserves the dumb word.

~~You will say that there is~~ no ~~inducement~~ is ~~given you~~
to ~~believe that the is the~~

For a moment let us change the angle. Let us
discuss the difficulties of criticism. In the
first ~~place~~ One of the greatest is that ~~we~~
~~cannot explain the instinct~~ that the ~~critic~~ is
mere act of criticism ~~the creation of a~~
~~all~~ criticism is attended with great drawbacks.
It is perpetually interrupted. It is overshadowed.
It is impossible to
Let us then attempt ~~what~~ for one long moment
~~that~~ very dangerous transition: from one
attitude of mind to another. In ~~this case~~ It is
from the omniscient to the fallible.
& admit in the first place, that the
~~since~~ we cannot long bear the creative
impulse, save by giving expression to it
ourselves. Then, ~~the true~~ ~~therefore when we~~
~~talk of the plays of~~ And as everybody
knows who has written even a short story
the creative ~~instinct~~ is only to be stated in its
own terms. If ~~then we~~ ~~want to convey~~ It is undeniable
any ~~notion~~ ~~to~~ ~~talk~~ by some one else
that the creation of a work of art
produces ~~something~~ an emotion in us.
And the origin of criticism is the desire ~~to~~ is
the ~~first place~~ to transmit this emotion,
& then to explain it. The difficulties that
make this an impossible undertaking.
Take, for a simple instance, the quotation.
~~Then~~ In order to copy out even one stanza of a
play, it is necessary to open at the right
page then to copy accurately. This
alone breaks the stream of thought. Besides,
There is always present the other critic —
Let us see him in person — ~~a~~ for ever

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Then when the house was built, & roads led often
flooded, often deep in mud, led ~~to~~ from house to house,
~~Across~~ ~~came~~ along the roads, came the minstrels, the
jugglers, the singers, bear leaders, singing their old
songs at the back door, to the farm hands & the
maid servants, in the uncouth jargon of ~~the~~ the native tongue
English ~~Upstairs they talked French.~~

Ichau [illegible] were

Upstairs they spoke French. The native ~~singer was~~
man at the back door was despised. He had no
name, no station. ~~Yet even the Kings & Queens~~
~~must have their singer, their actor~~. He was
a ~~jester, a clown~~. ~~Perhaps~~ But even the King &
Queen must have their minstrel; even if they
despised him, they tolerated him, as we tolerate
those who say out loud what we think, but would
not admit. They ~~won~~ had the outsiders
privilege, to say ~~to~~ the mocking the ~~irreverent~~, the
to comment; to He ~~too was the~~ to us
from the outside. He ~~preserved to the~~ old
~~stories. He to~~ As ~~time went on.~~ he
He put into words the things that were
remembered — the ~~old legend; the old~~ he
~~said. ~~asked the peasants to~~ As time
went on, & the more houses were
grouped together ~~round a church~~, he
& the church stood in the midst, he
was to be found acting in the church:
& then, when ~~his~~ as his acting
became more & more ~~defiant~~ as he acted
~~heresy~~ a more & more secular part, he
left the church, acted in the churchyard,
& was at last admitted to the
market place. But he was
~~The scholars~~ ~~knew~~ His ~~songs were unwritten~~.
nameless.

of ~~he wishes to.~~ ~~He is [illegible]~~

To do this we must ~~bid farewell to~~ ~~sink down~~
beyond ~~the reach of~~

~~Their time that another attitude~~ ~~The~~

The ~~unreality is hitherto due~~

Suppose that for a moment we cease to concern ourselves with ~~the difference in time~~; there is another way of looking at these famous monuments.

The critic, we must admit, is a one of the least real of writers; the most inhibited the most restricted. of writers ~~On the one hand~~. Suppose he ~~attempts to convey his own impression~~ To ~~give his emotion seems counter to his reason~~.

The ~~foremost~~

This rather a imperfect sketch ~~leaves~~ requires to be

You will complain that this rather imperfect sketch has shown you nothing of the real forces behind ~~this~~ ~~th~~ these famous monuments. Let us for a moment then look at them from a different angle.

The charge of [illegible] It is a charge that can be levelled against all Art criticism. ~~For though the reader who~~ For ~~the critic has~~ no sooner has the pen touched the page, than there rise up so many ~~of those~~ influences which are hostile to the transmission of the emotion.

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he was ribald; he was often obscene. It is Anon

But ~~when the~~ It ~~was strange~~ During the silent centuries, before the book was printed, his is the only voice that was to be heard in England. ~~The~~ [illegible] ~~was a~~ same ~~for~~ [illegible] for Anon singing his songs at the back door, the lettered must be a silent race, a race of monks and scholar priests, who left behind them stone books, cultivated fields and great churches but no words.

~~It was the~~ Yet, during all these centuries, certain scholars tell us, Anon was never also silent. It was he who gave voice to the old stories, who ~~formed the~~ when he came to the back door incited the peasants to put off their working clothes and to dress themselves in green leaves, to take swords in their hands, to enact into the old pagan beliefs which ~~he~~ ~~Chris~~ the Christians had not crushed. If we could see the village as it was before Chaucer's time we should see tracks across the fields leading from the manor house to the church, to the college, to the road. The tracks were worn by the feet of the soldiers, and by the labourers. They must be forgot by the sons by the [illegible] of they were not to be conquered by man or by nature. That connection, as time goes on, is painfully incredibly recorded in old papers, old account books. It made the [illegible]

~~Letter.~~ ~~Comment~~

If you have read the "little & imperfect sketch, with its
exaggeration, its foreshortenings, ~~you will complain~~ 1
will ~~seem to you~~ given, you will complain;
~~as~~ the there is nothing here ~~to~~ which ~~leaves out~~
the ~~story~~ which ~~gives~~ ~~a~~ & the a
with ~~justice~~. ~~For the~~ made to, &
~~their~~ ~~these~~ — a naked attempt to point at
at, St Pauls, Westminster Abbey & the Tower of
London ~~a~~ to a visitor from the country.
The ~~what we will now attempt there is~~
~~Eyes~~ we will now ~~attempt~~ try then to look at
these famous monuments — from another angle.
~~to wander to for a moment, we free from~~
free ~~from dates~~, ~~Let us~~ free ~~& ourselves~~ from
dates, free from the eyes of Professor Bury, who
by years of work in Mycenae, has established
the probability — ~~it is~~ no more — that Medolti
had a hand in the Mycenaean Tragedy —
~~the~~ to discover what ~~dream for a moment~~, free
from ~~dates~~ ourselves for a moment from
the ~~tyranny of dates~~, & ~~from the~~ let us try then to look
~~It is~~ : ~~the~~
at these famous monuments from another angle: to
to change ~~over~~ to the other ~~side~~ of the fellow; to
Critics & ~~[illegible]~~ some of the dilettanten, the
of ~~But to~~ There is always
~~something unreal in~~ literary criticism.
There is always an unreality in ~~such~~
literary criticism, something stiff &
unnatural in the critics pose. It
~~would~~ a 6 ~~If it is his~~ The
He has in the first ~~place~~, to — to

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But then arrows that the mighty Finn, which was to seem to kill Anon, ~~was the~~ preserved him. Then unlike he bare the shield. That we keep the of [illegible] of [illegible] that lay deep [illegible] in the [illegible]. The legend was still [illegible] when the book printed [illegible] fixed once for all the dream word that was about to fade under the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible].

The greatest work was of of the written only a known. Malory is not [illegible] from his book. The book is still the voice of some [illegible] the dreaming mind of Anon.

Caxton's done he fixed the last of that word. It is now written down, fixed; nothing could be added. [illegible] of the dream the legend became. After that the audience became repeaters. After that, we have the individual; the man who looks back; who sees the past against the present.

There is [illegible] for example the poem of R— in his [illegible]. ~~It~~ These old stories are to him other than born. They

~~What partake~~ much that was unintended by the writer —
or how we so often enjoy the associations
that are suggested by old spelling even,
the contrast that an unfamiliar use of
words ~~suggest~~ suggests between ~~one age &~~
a past age & our own — ~~all~~ this . .
And further, as the ~~habit of~~ reading becomes
habitual, ~~the faculty~~ a universal faculty
it there ~~are~~ it loses consciousness,
as we see that dogs develop a road sense,
& again, there are specialized readers, who
wet- tremendously develop the power of drawing
out ~~the~~ drawing out the meaning of words.
& again there splits off the other
very large class of perfectly literate people who
who though they ~~[illegible]~~ run their eyes over miles
of print daily never read a word

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The preacher, the man who went from town to
town among the preaching living, ~~among~~ among the peasants &
the nobles heard them & the word raised his
fury. Latimer, 'riding on a journey homeward
from London" going to preach, in the Church,
found the Church door fast locked...
'And one of the parish comes to me & said.
Sir this is a busy day with us, we cannot
hear you, this is Robin Hood's day. The
parish are gone abroad to gather for
Robin Hood,.. I was fain there to give
place to R.H.: I thought my Rochet would
have been regarded, tho' I were not; but it
would not serve, it was fain to give place to
Robin Hood's men. It is no laughing matter
my friends, it is a weeping matter, a heavy
matter, a heavy matter, . . .

It is the preacher who shows us the
~~living body by the~~ lightly peasant, ~~whose~~
still ~~honouring the pagan Gods~~.: still
honouring the old gods:- still immersed in
superstition. The preacher superstition
~~Goth~~ ~~It was the preacher~~ who
~~Killed~~ Then is the voice that went
up & down England Latymer was no
chronicler of times past. To Latimer the old
dreams gone. the old ~~gods~~ Latimer,
going up & down England, saw the peasant as he
is now at this moment, in King Edward Sixth's
reign in 1549. He saw the peasant
still honouring old superstition, going on
pilgrimages, setting up candles, worshipping
saints bones. ~~The~~ ~~in~~ He ~~saw the~~ There was
no beauty, ~~nor~~ but merely superstition &
corruption in their ancient games. He

sense of being part of the audience: we ~~cannot be~~
miss a thousand ~~hints that stress~~ shades
that the ~~play~~ dramatist brought out ~~in~~ by
inflection, gesture, play grouping. Anybody
can ~~test~~ can be tested this by comparing the ~~impression~~
after seeing Lr acted, & after reading the play
~~But~~ as the modern actor inevitably
imports much that is foreign to the Eliz. There is
still an ~~a gap~~ ~~an~~ a dead, un loss: ~~an~~ something quite beyond recall.

~~That~~ The damage inflicted on the early
plays by reading them only is very great. The
reader instinctively tries, ~~for example,~~ in
reading to be more in person at the play. He ~~instinctively~~
imagines the trumpets & the flags: the presence
of the citizen & apprentices. He does what he
can to supply what is so obviously a part of ~~a woman knitted~~ the
~~He~~ Gammer Gurton ~~Needle, of~~ the drama,
play. At some point in There are scenes
however, the reader is born. his ~~faculties~~ the real
or speeches that call upon When the dramatist becomes
faculty. ~~But~~ When the dramatist becomes
conscious of play as a work of art, when there is
~~a connection between~~ the scenes, ~~when~~ we can
still ~~feel the~~ ~~presentation~~ connecting them
not because the plot drives him ~~to~~ forward
but because he has another unity in mind,..
it is ~~this~~ apprehension ~~that~~ ~~transforms~~ the
brings the ~~reader into~~ and this apprehension that
~~draws the~~ focuses ~~the~~ together those faculties
which are the readers.

But he is perpetually baffled. He is apt to become not a student, not a reader: a sceptic collecting the bones of an extinct animal.

The ~~reader's faculty~~ To write the life of the
reader from ~~Elizabeth~~ for the past three hundred years:
to discover at what point his ear lost its
acuteness: when his eyes became dull: when,
to balance these losses, he became more curious,
~~when time supplied~~ curious of the suggestions
& echoes, & as time passed, added

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saw the present moment in all its crudity. He
~~saw the~~ was no antiquary. ~~He knew what he~~
He ~~had been~~ His eyes were open as he rode from
farm to town to what was actually in existence.
He saw poverty; he saw the peasant ~~suff~~
unable to buy a gown. He saw the nobles
enclosing the fields. He saw the great man lying
late in bed, after his hawking & his hunting, while the
poor man waiting hour after hour to bring his
case before him. He saw the great ladies
wearing vardingales & putting their hair out in
fine locks. And what he saw in the
roads, in the fields, in the houses, he
described in a voice that stumbles & stutters &
cannot keep to the theme; for he is
enraged by what he sees. This was the voice of
the new learning. As he walked in the
G. or C. Garden, looking in my booke —
"I cannot go to my booke, for poor folks
come unto me, desiring ~~the~~ me that I will
speak so that their matter may be heard
If he tries to read in the G. of C. Garden,
the poor come knocking at the gate, & his man
says, "Sir there is someone at the gate wd
speak with you ..." And so
faithfully, ~~out of~~ not mincing he would
he brings before the eye the state of
England at the very moment!
To him the ~~old England is no bo~~ this the farmer; the
preacher who wants the ~~farmer~~
for ~~he saw~~ upon them the light of the new
knowledge. He ~~above~~ knows what he
is saying. for he too, until he was thirty
"walked in the shadow of death":
He too had, ~~taken~~ before part in the old
superstition. But since ~~But~~

At what point in the Elizabethan drama is the
reader born? At what point do we cease to be
aware of the trumpet & the stage: of the
~~friction~~ presence of the audience drawing up the poetry
like a sheet of paper drawing up a fire, &
become detached, reading in a room alone.
The ~~play is~~ ~~The reader came very gradually into~~
~~existence~~ The ~~audience was~~ the ~~audience had~~ no
book ~~of the words. They~~ Elizabethan audience
had no ~~book of the~~ words. ~~They had to see the~~
They had to ~~see~~ draw in the play through ~~their ears~~ &
their ~~eyes, by & they~~ as they sat ~~there~~;
or stood in the Playhouse; they could not deepen, ~~elaborate~~
revive the impression, ~~deepen it~~, ~~father~~ it by
reading ~~in private~~ the words in ~~private~~ print. ~~Hence~~
And ~~thus~~ a ~~fact which accounts~~ this accounts, perhaps, for
the general nature of Elizabethan criticism:
its ~~for it~~ its lack of detail, its lack of the
~~verbal~~ verbal criticism ~~What~~ ~~Behind the~~
The ~~spoken~~ & for the ~~general terms~~;
It accounts too for the ~~delay~~ ~~How long~~
~~delay in~~ ~~marked pause in~~ ~~existence~~; ~~in~~.
Even ~~of Shakespeare~~ ~~fame~~. long pause, when
Even Shakespeare's fame seem to have hung suspended in
unrealised, in the air ~~then, when the plays~~ were
printed, that ~~the reader was~~ born: &
there sprung up, from the detailed
~~first~~ examination, the discovery of much that was
~~un~~ lost in the playhouse, a sound in the private
room.

Now of course, the reader ~~has~~ reading
faculty has become so highly developed
that we have lost as much as we have a great deal: ~~that was~~
then we have lost the sound of the spoken
word: we have lost ~~the~~ all that the
body of the actor gives. We have lost the

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It was Master Bilney at Cambridge who opened his eyes, Master Bilney who went about among the poor & the sick, & generally had a paper set in his hand & was burnt. So, strange to say, he the preacher will be burnt. Meanwhile he will speak the truth: he will speak in English. He will speak in a word that the poor & the simple can understand, in their own tongue. He was the preacher then, saying the Lord Jesus ~~or two~~ at the beginning & the end of his sermons, who put English into the highest places. ~~not indeed~~ While despising all mental & manners, he ~~yet~~ was yet fashioning a language for them to use. He was giving a common ~~tongue~~ speech for noble & peasants. ~~But the Just as~~

~~Harrison Lames~~ Standing on the edge of the new age, he saw the gorgeous buildings rise, as Harrison saw them. He deplored them. "Never has there been such building & planting" he saw. Never had there been such crime, such splendour, such poverty. "There never was such building then, as is now, planting, nor marrying. The wealth that had come from the sale of the monasteries, was not given to Give the money that used to be spent on There be none but now but great mens sons in colleges.

63 It will come to pass that we shall have nothing but a little English divinity, that will bring the realm into a very barbarousness, & utter decay of learning. Give the money "that ye were wont to bestow in pilgrimage matters, in trentals, in masses, in purgatory matters" to poor mens sons so that they may become scholars.

Further, this he has given currency to so much more
~~than any other writer~~, that every one can ~~find~~ match him
himself in Mr. ~~The stolen~~ we have therefore
~~self so~~ the reader can always extract the
very words that fit ~~himself~~. In other
books ~~there is~~ ~~this~~ this for this reason
~~that~~ the critic ~~paints him~~ is always
a ~~Centring the~~ can always find in Mr.
a something that only he can find — his own
idiosyncrasy. Hence the autobiographical
element in Jn. criticism. Each of these explorers
is ~~drawn~~ seems for a moment to sum up, i
then is conquered, — the light from ~~it~~ behind him:
this effort which it leaves Mr. always
undiscovered, in the sense that lesser writers are
summed up because there are such obvious
limits to their power. But it means that
Mr. is ~~possessed of~~ a perpetual ~~source~~ of
perpetual curiosity, an ~~great~~ indestructible
fire, still blazing. The appeal to the reader
of Mr. is always alive. ~~His writer to~~ tight
~~surround him~~ at the ~~And although~~
~~The appetite of the reader is always capricious:~~
~~He is not, as so many writers are, the~~
He does not, as so many writers do, feed
momentary appetites — ch readers who
are then his writers; feed ~~at~~ inexplicable
hungers, for certain styles, for certain forms.
Free styles are to remember that he never
serves ~~as a~~ to clear up any particular points
~~The~~ He can of course be used, when the
ch has gone dry with the pen, to revive language.
He can give the general sense of speed.
But the sage in the style make him
remarkable, unless. to the writer as a model.
Then

the same
house rising,
the house that
built on the
old foundations
the gt Eliz
house.

This is the voice that ousted [illegible]: the voice of reason, of common sense. By using English, by using English in the pulpit, the preacher was forging the very weapon that gave the old material a new lease of life.

Then Harrison & Latimer both saw what we can still see, the great Elizabethan house rising over the ruins & foundation of the old. The spirit [illegible] in both of them the same [illegible]: Harrison denied the men, with the . . Latimer the women.

But we ~~see~~ can see the house now,

steady as it . . . then what.

They cannot cheat. They are the biblical prose. Old Lady [illegible].

Men make Shakespeare in their own image. Shakespeare is infinitely various.
Shakespeare changes with every play. That is a good reason
for writing up [illegible] Emending Shakespeare. — that ~~in order~~ to
it ~~proves~~ ~~it was~~. We cannot ~~fathom~~ him: he
~~is~~ then one of the differently true ~~baffling~~, perfectly obliterating,
~~subtly~~ ~~all~~ ~~& confirmed~~ so unmistakably impersonal, that he he
has no separate existence. ~~The firm~~

And whereas in Shakespeare he proceeds to say everything through other
people's mouth, the ~~single~~ person who is behind them is
obliterated. — ~~And the reader is not~~ On the one hand
we have the most completely articulate of men:
& at the same time, nobody in particular. This
It is this that makes criticism inadequate. The
~~critic tries to impose his own measure~~ ~~there is~~ This
& yet contrarily. ~~Very few of us at~~ It is
impossible to read him without feeling his presence:
but To feel always that he is there: & at the
same time that he is somewhere else.
to feel that he is, more than any other poet,
the poet who says the Supreme: & And every reader
has a dozen methods of catching him. ~~There is~~
~~He~~ I credit, says one, concerning him: &:
He was free & generous: & if you like to add, about
middle height with a globed forehead, no one objects.
He certainly walked down Blackfriars: & ate at the
Mermaid. That line soon closes. The other —
which ambitiously casts a line round the plays —
cannot succeed. because it is different every time.
Do they show a regular development?
A point of maturity? Is there a pinnacle?
Is there a decline? ~~Did the~~ Was the
retirement for bodily fatigue: or from the inadequacy
of the stage? ~~Another method~~ Then his actual
hand upon the letter. And strangest of all, the
doubt. For it seems incredible, that a body
should have been the case

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To Latimer, Robin Hood was a [illegible] thief. ~~It was~~ He had walked in the shadow of death" till he was 30, ~~the cloud~~ of superstition. ~~that which obscured the truth~~. He saw things as they were, he saw through the old ~~bodys~~ beliefs, through the old popish practices, the old pagan customs. He saw England as it was at the moment, in its reality. He was no antiquary. He did not dig in the garden for Roman coins. When he walked out of his garden, a ~~man~~ his men came and said: "Sir there is one that would speak with you". He shut his books, & ~~heard~~ He ~~heard~~ for "The cry of the workman is come up up to ~~my ears~~ "mine ears." The poor Labourers, gun makers, Powdermen, Bow makers, Arrow makers, Smiths, Carpenters, Souldiers, & other crafts

111 cry out ... & they be unpaid. So He laid aside his book. He ~~saw~~ went out to the great man & found him still in bed. "Thy The ~~prelates~~: ~~thy hawke~~ As for the prelates, "Thy hawks, thy hunt, thy cards, thy dice, thy pastime in thy palaces with gallant gentlemen, with thy dancing minions, & with thy fresh companions.. Standing up before ~~the~~ the King he laid bare the state of England. In a voice that shaken & stern, repeating the word & which had founded the [illegible], he brought to the light of day.

The reader faculty is a queer one. He has the power to re ate
hear & creative vrite ~~on~~ through the printed page; men-
tioned, & their emotion & thoughts; ~~He has~~ also the more
~~the sense~~ of the reader, a sense of ~~their~~ relations: whether
the emotion contented, or dissipated. ~~And~~ And he is
[illegible] limited by his time. What is visible to one
generation, is ~~lost~~ live of another. He is ~~not interested~~ in He is not a scholar; ~~need~~ & so
~~language~~ texts. He does ~~not frame~~ the And yet, ~~with all~~
lacks many of the critic's tools. ~~And~~ another faculty than the literate
And yet he is exercising ~~points~~ another faculty me[illegible] ers of the literate
newspaper reader. ~~And~~ one that This gives
are without. Often he is himself a writer
him a queer angle of vision. ~~The~~ And he is,
sensitive to a voice that becomes increasingly audible - this to be
~~It seemed~~ for ~~a~~ ~~[illegible]~~: Now & again
heard even in the 16th century: ~~Even~~ the the stage, among
Even in the 16th century, when the personality - so
other influences, was hostile to the body of the
~~that~~ A for the obvious reason that a part in the world.
actor that plays so great a part: there is a great
The body is there visible: there is a great
opposition to it — the intellect.

When the body of the actor is visible, with all its
implications; there is ~~still~~ force ~~that~~ destroys
some of the elements wh. the reader extracts fr. the
printed page. ~~[illegible]~~ among this is the reason, perhaps, why
we do not 'know' Marlow. Dekker, Tourneur, Ford.
no scholar with ever need discover them. What we
know of them is what it was possible for their
actors to ~~convey~~. A ~~generalised tendency.~~
For ~~the~~ particular ~~we must wait for the stage~~ to
~~But~~ To ~~find this~~ To ~~put this theory~~ And
This knowledge of of the author is ~~an~~ easy
~~And yet if we do not know the~~ Something is
gratified by L. J. B. by ~~Bunker, [illegible]~~. Everybody

NYPL

96

We cannot hear them talking. The sound of the bells ~~as we hear them come~~ they stand ceremonial lay wondering in ~~that [illegible] state~~: 2 the sheets of the robe. There is no give pain familiar time - the day of time is G. wish to be seen the atmosphere, the Church. There is a preacher addressing a subordinate. ~~The~~ ~~the~~ Fear of God. Fear of man could be seen the order of religion. They ~~are~~ Again, we cannot hear the voice they heard - the voice of the music, of the incense. Nor can we see the path there led to the well & the tree. There is an isolated room: a normal path of scenery, ~~but~~ a furniture, but in wh. the Elders, set ~~like~~ painted images. ~~[illegible]~~ without — no atmosphere, divided; There is no medium between the white & the scarlet, the glory & the God. Bright contrasted colours meet on the faces; there ~~is no medium~~ carnal & snow: glory & gore. There is no natural medium complexion.

The Artist then must be a Poet.— For when familiar he were written in —

longing for release from silence. So that at last the most scraps found. & the weight of the past, & the heavy pressure of the present formed under her hand into those ten experiments wh. is ~~stott~~
says more than has ever been said since.

~~How was~~
But how much is due to the 1st stage, how much to the accidence, how much to silence ~~study~~
Cond

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to disengage the song from its encumbrances
becomes as time goes on a task for the
critic – that specially equipped reader who
was not yet in existence when Spenser
emerged ~~at least~~ partially at least from
the depths of anonymity.

But ~~he had the past~~ behind him. For why a —
For why a God's name, he exclaimed, may not we
as else the Greeks. have the Kingdom of our
own language !

To be thus aware of his language, its possibilities, its
the writer must have the past behind him. To
Spenser the golden age ~~was~~ of English was Chaucer.

But ~~then~~ him too is the ~~Morte Darthur~~.
Behind him too is the Morte d'Arthur. The world of
the old world of the Morte d'Arthur. But he has
Knights ladies, ~~dwarfs~~ giants. ~~Therefore~~
Ceased to believe in giants. as the
they ~~have gone~~ # He no longer believes, as the
noblemen in 1470 that King Arthur was a
real man. Thus his poem lacks the reality
of the Morte d'Arthur. ~~When not the~~ He cannot
see as ~~Malory saw the~~ : What Malory sees
sharply & distinctly: Spenser sees at a distance:
he sees with regret, with desire; but not
with belief. ~~There is no sense of~~ He cannot
the figures ~~pass~~ pass at a distance. They do not
He cannot make us believe; he cannot
There is no sharpness in the figures of the
Fairy Queen: no vein no ~~[illegible]~~ edge: no
such Eloquence: as ~~comes~~ none of that
reality which comes from ~~the~~ belief. On the other
hand he throws in as Malory cannot, the
~~world~~ surrounding world. His vision
is not fixed on the figures: but holds
~~the~~ more. So that ... love the

with

too powerful, in play after play: it creates improvisation;
Crowd; confusion. a sense of waste; how
profuse; how barren. ~~The~~ The
character is violently exposed, ~~a~~ in the wrong
proportion: bound to the wheel of the plot.
And apparently ~~the lack of criticism makes~~ this
anonymous playing is irresponsible in the wrong sense.
He blotts his words out; has no audience:
deformity We are left at the end without
~~But~~ an end. ~~And~~ So much of the
Emotion is wasted.

~~All this of waste leads up to the~~
This then, in reading rapidly through a handful of the
early plays, that
~~Exactly what problems had to~~

If, however, we scramble the plays together,
taking them ~~as a~~ not so much as separate
creations, but as a we can unite them
not separately, but as a ~~great~~ composite
Experiment: as the common effort to
~~under~~ impose on their material of
Emotion; ~~a~~ an expression; which in the Elizn. becomes
at last finished; when ~~at its~~
it ~~has been~~ then has been free, that thrashed,
when ~~the~~ as a repeated experiment: which
serves ~~its purpose~~ at last, with Shakespeare. In each
Century ~~It~~ ~~the Silence~~. The workshop is
without laws. There is no comment.
We are let them to read fitfully; undistracted:
without direction. Unless indeed we see the
boiling cauldron of these plays: & anonymous were
that the nameless, uncommonly working
somehow all aspiring to become
unconsciously, towards Shre. And
the Fathers who Herberts ~~we~~ & the Beaum
were also bring their weight — their

Looking at them from a distance he sees them pictorially

~~He puts~~ ~~He holds the~~ It holds the surrounding medium. The readers sense a change. And again, he has the painter's eye. Now like the eye which groups the figures, wh. poses them under the bloom & the behind them marble pillars, & seen with light. Thus there is no stasis; but always movement. No night ~~that of August~~ stops, [illegible] but ups, but a Great Manoeuvre [illegible]. ~~a~~ [illegible]

~~It~~ ~~Still there the wording~~

But still there is something anonymous about Spenser. He ~~must stand out~~ cannot confine his characters in bodily: they are symbolic. He generalises; ~~the~~ embodies qualities, not in a man, but gives it a separate, a symbolic existence. ~~Still~~ the He still ~~pauses~~ ~~above~~ ignores bodily, the single mind. The individual. He must

And at the same time, forces are at work that are forcing the poet to be conscious of himself, as a separate individual; a man who ~~is~~ is giving something to the world: who asks something: but ~~to~~ who is conscious of his words scorn & neglect.

More is the artist then aware of his poet. ~~or~~ Chaucer was not, nor Langland, nor Malory. He is becoming separate: attitude: ~~Not at~~ his dissatisfaction; No longer a wandering voice, but [illegible].

He is ~~indeed more~~ ~~When he~~

a ~~When~~ ~~And how~~

He was then the first self conscious poet. The first read poet. And Lyly, poetry might have continued to be a book read aloud by the learned in their private hall, were had it not been for the other voice — the voice at the back door. Romantically high, when

absorbed what the audience can give him: &
has consumed it: & expresses his own version after
the audience. There is a point when the
single figure emerges: as it often abruptly
all that the audience cd contribute
the author became separate, & could
~~inferior~~ give back to the audience the
general contribution he had received. And yet
it was one of the immense advantages of the Eliz
age, ~~the [illegible]~~ there was no gap between
the ~~[illegible]~~ two. ~~It is~~ the ~~author~~ There is a
moment when the audience sees itself given back;
separate; created. & is no longer the master of the
playwright yet is not separate from him.
a kind of common life & ~~still~~ unites them.
It is then that we begin to ~~act the~~
bring into play the all our
read: then that we ~~then~~ when the
~~whole~~ ~~[illegible]~~ resources: at last to
~~the~~ figure on the stage is able when the words are
of ~~expressors~~ speak in person: fabric is the particular figure
individual; & the whole is the particular identification
& yet the particular figure is
~~This is~~ ~~This~~ This extraordinary passage that
comes fitfully: we-note at [illegible] Marlowe: It is in
~~scenes~~ It is in the Revenger Tragedy. ~~This~~ Oh God. Give the
in words like Heywood: finally in
or ~~in~~ ~~the~~ & of verse we have Lear, Light,
metal is Jephod: But ~~besides this~~, Beyond
Everywhere
The reader then extracts certain passages: for
their intensity: for their language. the
But beyond this there is also the
relation of part to part. This ranging
~~Continued~~ order, is often attracted. The balance
is imperfect. The drag of the audience is too

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Spenser surely heard the voice of the mummers. He was present, it may be, at the pageant wh. was acted before the Queen at Kenilworth. He saw the players dressed in green. ~~It~~ For time had made the peasant, probably the Earth in her own guise, a [illegible]. a [illegible] fossil from the past. The old superstitions were so harmless that the Q. was amused at their revival. But even while Spenser looked at this ~~fantastic~~ revival, ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~stage was being~~ theatre was being built, upon which the old ~~[illegible]~~ the mummers were to act not Robin Hood, not ~~Games~~ for the sophisticated archaic pageantry to ~~a~~ sophisticated audience, but Faust, Tamburlaine, the Spanish Tragedy, & Hamlet, Lear, Antony & Cleopatra

The Reader

At what point is the reader born? – This
faculty, the power to make ^such^ out of print ~~he~~ men, countries,
~~houses,~~ & visible ~~ca~~ places seen, & the world &
from books, & their thoughts, is rare; This not
exercised on the strips of newspaper. It is never exercised
in great masses of ~~bro~~ the literate. This
different from the spoken gift & the critic.
~~To them the plays are~~ This ^often^ infinitely complex ~~art~~
in itself: for it has to see, to hear; ^also^ ~~but~~ it is a power
it is ~~influenced~~ at the mercy of ~~the time~~ circumstances: ^altering its^ depo
One generation ~~brings out the~~ perceives this in
the printed page; another ~~see~~ that. The
~~The~~ In the early plays – obviously, the reader we ~~see~~:
~~[illegible]~~ is scarcely in existence. ~~The~~ And
are ~~in the~~ among the audience.
That is one of the attractions of the early plays –
to be ~~unaware of the~~ that they bring out the
spectator: make an appeal to the body:
are so visible, palpable, audible. to crude:
They ~~have the quality~~ of They need to be read in
company. They are the product of the company.
~~If we~~ To At ~~their best~~ they have the
rush & the tumult of The body is
always palpable in them. ~~The humour~~ is
At ~~some point the~~ ~~And yet,~~
~~Yet there is~~ What ~~But~~ just humanly.
~~But the modern~~ reader has to ~~read~~ ~~audience~~ another
But the reader, ^also^ is ~~possessed~~ of someone who
senses ~~besides the~~ the ~~power~~ those
~~connects~~. But, to the modern reader, there
Much that is disjoined of the presence of the body
on the stage. ~~This~~ An ~~embodiment~~
~~The~~ But at some point there comes a
break. The ~~playwright is~~ There is a
point when the playwright ~~is~~ has

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She stood over there behind that the tree; in a manner of speaking gnashing her teeth. ~~The actors delayed.~~ became the actors delayed:– became every moment the audience slipped further from the noose: ~~the dispersed~~. Music– [illegible] what the urge of the [illegible] a flea in her ear or [illegible]

Down came her skirt like a bolt. Mum. Mum. And the tune began. ABC ABC. Cat –

She watched them sink down peacefully into the nursery rhyme. For a moment. Then she dropped her hands.

16

at a distance from the moment. Nobody cares what
his own private experience is. And so the
song of Anon repeat over & over again what
~~that~~ gather ye flowers while ye may: Death is
coming: Anon is never tired of celebrating
the Rose; ~~never~~ & that his mistress is white:
he is a repetitious, ~~for~~ And since he is
content to ~~sing~~ go unnoted, we cannot
pin him down. We cannot
separate him from his song. It has
then an anonymous vitality, drawn from
other bodies: a perennial, common, vigour.
Nor is he dead in ourselves. The crude early
drama still persuades us to read — not to
~~live~~ for the story. What comes next?
The ~~lst~~ ~~dramatist~~ Anon. has little
care for the ~~[illegible]~~ So we welcome
anonymous, in the early literature.
It is only later, when the pressure of emotion had
~~Ca~~ thrown up words, as the fingers of a
the man at the monotype machine cast
letters out of the bubbling metal, that
we love this quality. to gain — ?
Everything it seems. For ~~those~~ ~~stocking~~ And now at this
the curtain goes on rising. And now on Midsummer Night:
seen on Henry the 5th: then on Midsummer Night:
on Romeo Juliet; on Hamlet & ~~Cleo~~ the Tempest.
By that time, there is nothing left unsaid:
the ~~whole of~~ ~~this~~ ~~to tell~~
The play has killed the stage. The stage has
become too small to act this drama.
Perhaps, after centuries, the play will
renew itself, with Mozart, in the Magic Flute,
or with Beethoven in .. It never
lived again in England. The book, after that, takes
the place of the play.
& the Anon is dead for ever.

And Anon the
dramatist also
speaks himself. For
the audience ~~is furious~~
being still part of the
play, insists on
repetition: it must
in order to sit, or stand
there, have a
story: & as the story is
told in poetry, it
must have action:
murder: adultery.
The contribution of the
audience to the
Eliz play was
unfortunate. The
words need not
fit the speaker:
the absurdity, the
~~false~~ confusion:
no one feels what
they say. The
poetry is often
plastered onto a
inappropriate figure:
but if one must
have violence, how
avoid this
dislocation.

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For ~~a~~ the long poem is ~~lit up~~ luminous, to ~~[illegible]~~ radiant.

~~But~~ Spenser standing on the threshold of the first room is half in shadow half in light. He is not a fully realised: He is still anonymous, ~~He~~ in that he does not ~~embody~~ ~~Confine emotions to the~~ Give

is still anonymous, in that he cannot confine emotions within one person. He must symbolise; Eroticism: Jealousy is not a passion to be spoken; He cannot convey Jealousy by ~~the speaking voice. He must make Jealousy an~~ actual word from an actual mouth. He must make Jealousy abstract; a symbol. He ~~[illegible]~~ ~~Cannot~~ cannot speak thro' the mouth of the individual. the light is still in shadow Yet, the other half of him is in the light. He is aware of the audience Chaucer never saw, in England nor Italy. His is no longer a wandering voice; but the voice of a man pleading an art, asking for recognition, ~~resenting his~~ & bitterly conscious of ~~his own~~ ~~that the world~~ of the world's scorn.

[illegible] the common voice. The voice of the English commoner; the mummer, the [illegible], the man at the back door – Spenser had heard it –

When Latimer said

so that we forget something in ourselves when we
read it. ~~but~~ It gives us another being.
Only, as the unknown man, who, the said came
used horses at the door, becomes more -
more domineering, of whom we falter -
stumble: we ~~have~~ to
Anonymity ~~to~~ gone as the ballads: gone as the songs;
it ~~gave us~~ is a great possession. To
know nothing except what is essential: to want no
fame having a property: ~~but to~~ to be
know nothing - who wrote Lord [illegible] -
who wrote Helen Fair - who wrote the
sweetest of songs, madrigals. ~~who~~ listened to
tell spring, ~~the~~ love, death. ~~But~~ That
and the stage with its ladders, its actors, taking
part for some time preserved the
anonymous voice. ~~Only~~ Until
when the ~~genius~~ of the age, its hoard of
unexpressed passion, the [illegible], in the [illegible]
of man, of his & creation; found so hard in the
dramatist that he invented a speech
that w. give voice to everything.
Then, with Dr, Anonymity was destroyed.
Everything is known that can be known: until
the stage becomes too small to act the
drama: & ~~there is~~ the book takes the place of the
stage play.

the mystery of
names, the
~~[illegible]~~ of the
[illegible] held

Anon, who also has great privileges. He ~~can~~ is irresponsible.
He is not responsible. He is not self-conscious. He is
free from inspection. He can adventure in experiment.
He can borrow. He can ~~not~~ repeat. He can
say what everyone feels: the common experiences
are his. No one asks that he shall be
idiosyncratic: that he shall stamp his
[illegible] mark on the old feelings: He keeps

It was at half past two in the afternoon,
that the trumpets sounded & the flag went up ~~on the~~
& the ~~audience, paid their~~ audience assembled. The
playhouse was open to the sky. ~~The audience paid~~
a ~~penny or twopence. They crowded the~~ The playhouse was
the walls were painted; there was no scenery; but the
players were richly dressed, according to one spectator, in
the cast off robes of the nobles sold to their servants.
For a penny ~~the~~ a~~pprentices & not~~ audience cd. see
Tamburlaine: the trumpets sounded; the wherries
crossed the river was ~~being~~ crowded with wherries
bringing the audience across. ~~There~~ ~~the~~ What
of ~~the lot~~ What other amusement was there
for the ~~Captains or the~~ gentlemen of the Court, the
Inns of Court, & the number of captains & soldiers
about London — 'only given, following of harlots
drinking — 'unless they were ferried over the river
to see the play.' The audience came from the
crowded, festering little streets round St Pauls. The
trumpets sounded; they paid a penny or two pence they
clustered round the stage; & then the curtain rose,
& they feasted — after all their centuries of abstracts, they
~~upon the~~ [illegible] upon ~~Hieronimo~~ & Tamburlaine. Hear

"Brother Cosroe, I find myself aggrieved,
Yet insufficient to express the same;
For it requires a great & thundering speech."

The silence is broken: at last the voice speaks. It
~~The~~ ~~It~~ The Kings & Emperors are on the stage.
The world is made visible ~~The~~
Forces. This is a play fanned by some
extraordinary heat into being — an
hyperbole, a marvel: at last, there is

reader [illegible] becomes ~~more~~ differentiated,
self conscious; conscious that is, as a ~~great~~
world in which there is relevant, that not.
He chooses; discriminates. ~~He is not~~ And
the reader becomes keenly aware
that there are ~~not~~ in ~~this~~ in the
literature certain curiosities, things, that
explain, that it may be, light up the
field, give meaning to the hour; curiosities;
knick knacks: but also, ~~the so~~
what we recognise as true. There are
beauties — whatever we mean when, by some
pattern of words, the but at other times, as
the great plays emerge out of the mist,
something that comes back to mind, in the
watches of the night: words that come to our
lips. Here ~~we are in sight~~ of that
we are coming into the current which is to
sweep aside the antiquary, which is to
Crack ~~open the~~
The reader — indeed is soon to be obliterated.
This is one of the ~~delight~~ lures of the Elizabethan
that they uncover the seer, the hearer, the actor in us.
~~It has~~ ~~Our anonymous~~. At some point — it
differs from age to age — the reader is born;
for ~~in the~~ ~~And anonymity~~
But ~~whatever have~~ anonymity is a great power.
It ~~has made one~~ is a great possession —
a ~~stage that has~~ no writer the Elizabethan stage:
~~the~~ has kept the Eliz Drama vigorous:
unattached; it has given it a general rule
vitality; a lack of personality; as
if all the novels of the 19th century had been
cut away from D. & J. A. & G. E. & the B.
as if we could skip the lives; the
gossip: ~~the~~ an a width, a bareness,

living life, compulsion, ~~beat~~ ~~breaking behind~~ And the
monstrous image, the wind & rage, still blows out
the speeches even in the printed book.
~~Theirs~~ · ~~The~~ The verse is crude. The poet is anonymous.
~~Their~~ ~~And yet what a~~ All is now spoken by .
each actor. There are no abstractions.
All is realised: the pomp, & the masks & the
great swollen figures; ~~in it~~. Nothing is left
lurking in the shades. ~~Still~~ ~~Even~~ The figures are
palpable, coloured, strident. Is it
something has set in motion, not knights & ladies,
but the crude, jagged outlines of real
men. Cr[illegible] There is a bombast & a splendour -
the great painted wings of their gorgeous beings
are as little damp, or cramped. Laughter,
like great moths brushing the - cymbals:
~~Ants~~ This monstrous, absurd: resonant.
And the great names clash like brass.
Vigour ~~& crudity~~ - No one is delicately
delineated. There is no shadow: but
all is gold & purple. And yet,
the extremes, the triumph, fill the words: the
absurd, the hyperbole: this is a mood, a
splendid rhapsody: ~~filled~~ blown like a
with gusts, with thunder, or rumbling: but
yet, - for there is no gentler, no thunders;
suddenly, in the stress of emotion, a
another & gets for all its striding, its
pomp, all the haughty splendour, here
the poet can cut a gash in the fabric:

So poets say it aloud.
Could be a pretty boy to be a poet -
Could he stop, he would utter. But there is no
pause, no shade - on he hangs. The anonymous

bodies must move violently, Killing, Kissing, going to bed,
there are
Killing, Kissing, going to bed, adultery must still
be the staple of the play; but the staple
of the ~~play~~ is the ~~staple~~ there must be
action: murder, violence; adultery. But by degrees
the dramatist is freeing himself from the stage.
He is adding to his resources. There are
His ~~limits are still tremendous~~. There
is

And by degrees the dramatist sheds his
anonymity. He separates himself from his audience.
He wins a freedom. ~~Though the stage exacts~~
with ~~one~~ in an ~~aside~~, ~~to the~~ to
He He wins the right sometimes to pause, in an
aside, sometimes to divert the mind from what
happens, to the motives, ~~the hidden passions~~.
behind the action. What, he broods, was
the woman killed with kindness, or is the
effect of mercy? — if the sword is withheld
& the adulterers are confronted not with death,
but with a pretty lenience! —

And by degrees ~~But~~ the play has still
its ~~drag~~ ~~the~~ compulsion of what the
of the plot. It still But ~~here the reader~~
at some such point the reader is born:
the ~~close com~~ ~~actors~~ dramatist's close
companion: the ~~detached~~ the reader, the
human being who writes So by degrees,
the reader too loses anonymity the
reading ~~the~~ As the play comes
further & further, as the curtain rises
yet again & again — upon Marlowe, Kyd,
. Heywood, Marston, Massinger — the

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With
tremendous
clatter

38

Our souls, whose
faculties can
comprehend,

The wondrous
architecture of the
world,
And measure
every wandering
planet's
course,
Still climbing
after
knowledge
infinite

Will us to
wear ourselves
& never
rest —

77

And yet the tragic emotion is brood over this
crests & trampling onguard: over the multitude
confusion & splendour. Are we not imbued with a
sense of tragedy? Do we not foretell the
tremendous downfall? With tremendous blows,
the mercy of the kneeling king, the pride of the
rampant Emperor knock. And they,
as if the heat hung at one moment
ribband heavy from the furnace of the
flame of this heavy & splendour we hear:

This acting keeping somehow a break in the
rhythm: a sign that the ~~actor~~ dramatist
is separating from the anonymous play maker:
a sign that there is as yet no true
language: so that he cannot amalgamate
ideas naturally: ~~from~~ the decline from
rhetoric, & speak, ~~with~~ simply.
Marlowe was swept away by his characters.
For, the audience, the rhythm, soldiers, kings,
crowding to the stage, & ~~[illegible]~~ ..
~~[illegible]~~ inspired not to speak, but movement,
~~man~~, as you. ~~[illegible]~~ The play is still
hardly the work of the audience: of the
undifferentiated man. It is not yet a
separate birth. This inspired of the common
voice, demanding great names, many
multitudes, a whole clamour &
stupe, not reflection, not the ~~[illegible]~~
subtlety of one soul. An orgy, a
rhapsody, a splendid general statement.

Our souls are still the souls of men;
& so the [illegible] statement - falls out of place.

~~Then~~ Again the curtain rises; & then the shadowy
unsubstantial life that was ~~smothered~~ in
the ~~in Cheshire, at Whitchurch,~~ is visible
crept ~~so~~ of the county Squire, & the maid of
honour is ~~visible to us.~~ is revealed. The
~~lit~~ in a moment, almost before we have had
time to settle in our seats, we are
in the thick of ~~real passion~~: of love: of adultery
of murder. Everything is a tiptoe. The
mute silent ~~lovers~~ figures are seen in all
their bravery. The presence of anguished
emotion, of ~~the things that~~ has embodied itself
in Yorkshire, in the figures of Lashland & his wife:
in Wendover the adulterers: in Acton the
the Usher is Cast: the cards are on the table: &
the husband sees his wife lying asleep, in the
arms of her lover. ~~So~~ & the old yellow pages,
with their blanks, their riddles, their references
that can no longer be deciphered, ~~are~~
give place to the outright downright speech. In
In the play which is evident, & outspoken. In
real life all is hidden concealed ~~over~~ suppressed:
~~the~~ ~~And~~ The ~~playwright. has form of women is~~
~~But how far can~~
anonymity is fast dispersing. The play dramatist
is ~~becoming self-conscious. The play is ceasing~~ to be
the ~~merits the~~ And ~~at some point, the~~
the dramatist is emerging from the old
juggler & the bear leader. He is ~~becoming~~
freeing himself from the compulsion of the audience.
~~He is swerving~~, ~~A~~ ~~Man is a~~ The
bodily, ~~the actual~~, If the body must still
dominate the lower stage, if the
actual must be before the eyes, & the

all the conventions,
all their suppressed
intimacies, are

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Then as if he were trying to do two things at the same time.
This irrelevance: a pause; a break; a mixture of two different sorts.

It was making it possible for the commoners & the
& nobles to come together in one house; to
listen ~~to the same~~ play. to ~~listen to a play~~

The ~~playhouse was built before Spenser died.~~
At last the mummers & the minstrels were given a
lodging & centre. The playhouse was built;
to listen to the same play. Before Spenser died the
playhouse was built, ~~to~~ which ~~the mummers & the~~
~~minstrels~~ gave a ~~lodging to the~~ wandering actors:
their lodging, their centre.

~~It was a.~~

At ~~half past two in the afternoon~~

~~It was open to the air.~~ ~~The~~ It was
surrounded by palings; half open to the air; &
~~for~~ one penny was charged for standing room in the yard.
For twopence a ~~seat was~~ to procure a seat; sixpence a
seat ~~in the~~ under a ~~roof~~. the thatched roof. The
Rose ~~was~~ ~~Rose was~~ At half past two in the
flag flew, the trumpets sounded. & the audience
a~~ssembled.~~ They ~~came from the~~ ~~came in wherein~~ ~~Next the~~ ~~The Rose~~ was
assembled. ~~The rough~~ It was a rough neighbourhood—
~~Next door to~~
Next door to the Rose in Southwark stood
a brothel. Hogs infested the street. The house itself
was built of wood; the roof was thatched; &
a ~~flag flew when the~~ ~~play was~~ when the
~~hour for the performance~~ at half past two in
the afternoon a flag was hoisted. & trumpets
sounded: the The audience came assembled.
~~They were ferried across in boats; the~~
~~The [illegible] [illegible] were~~ For one penny they cd
stand in the yard; for twopence procure a seat in
the gallery, for sixpence a seat under the roof.
~~And~~ They ~~flocked to the~~ play. What else was
there for them to do!—

age can there have been a deeper gulf between the artist and ~~the~~
society. ~~The Great who presumably~~ Who is
Mr W H to whom a young poet has
dedicated his sonnets? Nobody troubles to
ask. This is not a matter of any interest it seems in
Court Circles. The plays are not discussed.
The world of writers is too remote from the
Court. The loves & hates of these
descendants of the jugglers & minstrels are too
have no bearing upon the life of the nobles.
And ~~the reason may be that~~ the
early works of Shakespeare ~~call for no~~ breed no
~~out~~ comment. One reason may be that
the dramatists were not destroying anything:
~~of Ibsen~~ the indignation that, after the first
performance, Ibsen, for example created in
19th Century London, was in part the
rage of those who felt that their own
world was being criticised. ~~People~~ ~~Great~~
The great might be mocked in some of the plays.
The Censor was quick to control any
irreverence. But ~~the ideas~~ the
public at the Globe or the Rose
could not ~~resent~~ feel, as the public who 19th
Century felt when Ghosts was acted
that a writer had arisen who was
destroying the old humbugs: who was
~~upholding~~ or ~~falling~~ showing up ~~society~~
and the conventions of society.
~~The~~ after all, since prose was still
half poetry, & no separate vehicle, but
half that function of the writer had
the critical spirit had no proper tool.

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No name was ~~attached to Tamburlaine~~ anonymous.

The play was anonymous. That fact by itself
is enough to show how largely the ~~play was~~ still
the ~~work of~~ ~~inspired~~ a ~~common~~ product.
detached from the author, unclaimed, ~~a they made~~
a common product, ~~shaped~~ written by one hand, but
so moulded in its transition from the written word
to the spoken that the author had no sense of
property in it. ~~They, when we~~ ~~If we~~
~~And Yet~~ Our ~~the silence of the audience~~
Yet the audience itself is dumb. ~~We~~
they flocked to the play. ~~They~~ The
fifteen hundred people. The most part apprehen, altogether,
heard Tamburlaine; but. for ~~they say~~ in ~~whic~~ not a word.
The silence of the Elizabethan audience is one of the
gulfs that separate us fr. the plays. We can
feel, in Marlowe, the ~~pr~~ pressure of some
them on I. Drawing up the ~~ex~~ extravagance,
phrases, as a [illegible] as a paper draws up a
fire. ~~They~~ We can ~~suppose that the~~
What the audacity of the ~~very~~ thing ~~of a play~~
which even in our day a ~~[illegible]~~ popular play. in a
~~furious a~~ can be felt in a the flow of the speed of
best selling novel. ~~It is~~
~~something~~ as of something were urging the
writer to undertake a great stride
beyond his private reach. But
the silence is unbroken.
~~There to understand the audience at the~~ Rose. we have to
try to understand that silence we something
compare it with our own sense of
that takes the breath away, is uneasy, is
natural, is ourselves released, yet on our
uncritical — The attitude say of at the
audiences at the Russian ballet, at the new art
Cinema. ~~It seems on us~~
comes upon us so suddenly &
surprisingly that we ~~sit silent~~.

under cover of their flowery speech, the real Fitton or the Knollys –
the Pembroke remain unseen. We only know of the Elizabethans
from the plays that were acted at ~~and~~ on the
Bankside ~~that they felt~~ existed. Anonymity
~~has~~ they too, like ~~Shak~~ the dramatists, are
nameless. anonymous. ~~Only~~ ~~But all~~
~~But by a guess~~ ~~The~~ The ~~trappings are there.~~
No generation had more anxiety to preserve
the substance from decay. The tombs
~~Tombs~~ they ~~seem to pretend~~ they they defy death
Grasp at immortality. ~~Live~~ In life they
with their great tombs.
cut prodigally. They wear clothes that are
so heavy they can scarcely move in them.
The outer life is substantial: as
~~Great~~ Cloth of gold; marble can make it.
But the passions ~~that~~ ~~burnt in~~ the heart
~~are~~ within are ~~silent.~~ until the dramatists
speak for them on the stage. They themselves are mute.

A ~~literature~~ The nobles in the
upper part of the house then supplied
~~Their devotion~~ The ~~players the~~
Their attachment to the substance of the earth:
~~their~~ body; ~~their~~ the greed with which they
acquired; their catalogues of property of
furniture: their perpetual lawsuits for
their estates. their [illegible], in
inventories, in letters supplicating places
~~in the~~ For everything was then ~~at~~ the in
the gift of individuals. The family
of was the Queen, or her nobles, who had the
personal a patronage. ~~The~~ The book
patron was in his prime. And yet no
depended on his favour.

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murder, as they
were:
meeting lovers:
squabbling:
, fighting.

weighing what we know but cannot measure. And
to the Elizabethans words after their long of
silence, the power of words to say at last what
was in them, ~~cooked up~~, ~~must h~~. must have
given them early ~~plays~~ ~~an~~. placed them in front of
their early stage, whom. For the first time,
they watched themselves. They as if after ages of
entombment, they had left ~~the~~ come out into the air:
as if at last, they watched what is human life;
what is love, what is sorrow. And for the ~~first~~
the then knowledge was conveyed not by the
preacher, nor by the historian. It was made audible
visible together in the ~~to be found for~~
flesh. ~~But~~ It is a curious inversion.
To ~~be aware~~ the dramatists gave the
audiences their existence. We are made aware
of the existence by the fiction dramatists.
~~It is in Marlowe~~ to see them as great
conquerors. But the audience received this
extraordinary proof of their being without comment.
It was with ~~a~~ rapture. Again & again the
the Lord Mayor protested against the
intoxication that was offered by the Playhouse.
But the attraction was irresistible.
~~If we imagine~~ ~~It is~~. For there at the Rose, or
the Globe, or the Fortune, men & women who
had never seen themselves yet, whose only
reading was a ballad, or a sermon, or an old
story of Kings & ladies, ~~Iceland~~ or perhaps
cd not even read, but were busy all day in one way & another
lovers, struggling, getting a livelihood
saw the ~~ex~~ their own lives composed
set up, adorned: & heard, at last,
their own daily aspirations, the dream they had,
the passions they felt, the spoken out loud.
in poetry. ~~But Poetry cd not of course~~
The ~~poetry was~~ The popular play
The ~~The audience~~

She is taken home secretly by her father. ~~Her mother~~
cries "when a fresh intrigue is on foot." "Yet
76 had I blessed God when I did hear that she &
I had been buried it had saved me from a
great deal of sorrow & grief & her & from ....
such shame' as never had Cheshire woman, ...
write no more to me of her."
~~But save for these of &~~ But the drama
of the abandoned girl moves in darkness.
She passes ~~through~~ the court without speaking; she is solicited by Knollys;
seen ~~by an~~ only by a ~~without~~ dressed up as a man,
seduced by Pembroke without opening her lips. We see her in her white
Cloak only through the eyes of one Mrs Martin
who dwelt at the Chopping Knife near
Ludgate". And her single letter to her & when,
all speaks ceremoniously of the passing of time.
~~To the The letters can all the common speech~~

Facts, ~~writing~~. The
her own passions, the disgrace, the heartache of the family
are all hidden under ~~the~~ flourishes & ornament.
parables & similes. Spenser is quoted.
Spring & Summer: the frost that nips affection; the
flowers of a garden – the ~~ken gentlemen~~ in their old
natu~~rally~~ pen, curious & capable in their
metaphor; though the meaning – that the
man is in love with her still & wishes to
breed from her – ~~[illegible]~~ here & again
Spenser is quoted. Indeed, the poets
have taken ~~from the the poe~~ have made it
impossible for simple officers & county
ladies to write English. And behind this
florid decoration, these strained elegancies,
the men & women are passionate, crude,
127. brutal; seducing each other; they pray & rave.
weep: losers of the court. The bastards are born. Repentant
~~Only ten~~ are read. Only what

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owes its extravagance, its lust, its bad taste partly to the audience in the penny seats. But there was also a sprinkling of gentry & sitting upstairs, under ~~the~~ with a ceiling over them. Their silence was ~~was~~ equally profound. ~~It is strange that among~~ Was ~~it that~~ a native art still seemed despicable? Or was ~~it that~~ ~~at~~ But the cultivated, the wealthy, the Bacons, the Elizabeths, the Raleighs, also influenced.

Bacon, ~~for example,~~ set down some of his meditations. In the Essays

"These things are but toys" Bacon wrote, in the essay ~~called~~ "Of Masques & Triumphs".. ~~both actors~~ ~~Comedies~~, ~~his brother~~ "The Stage is more beholding to Love, than the Life of Man" the ~~life of man~~ ... great Spirits, & great Businesse, doe keepe out this weake passion." Its proper place was on the stage, where

Love th. heart's 'speaking in ~~the~~ a perpetuall hyperbole" was
was a The place for that was the stage.

When Bacon walked in his 'delicate groves" meditating, he ~~thinks~~ one of whose activities ~~set 'scarcely with its place~~ had no place in ~~was dismissed~~; among serious observations though "Princes will have such things" save that since Princes will have such things, its better they should be graced with elegancy, than daubed with cost." ~~The contrast~~ such ~~Essays~~ ~~The~~ The Essays ~~are~~ speak hyperbole. the thoughts ~~that drifted~~ into his mind as he ~~walked~~ ~~listen in the shade of his~~ trees are ~~still, grave~~; The ~~grave~~ ~~story~~ The riot & ~~the world~~ walking in his groves, the life of man appears the ~~world~~ He is ~~meditating~~ Comedies ~~& tragedies~~. He is meditating the real life of man. ~~It is~~ the intricacies. the [illegible] the tortuous ways of state; the

~~Meet the Court~~

The ladies comes a later of the Elizabethan Memoirs

~~Get the~~ The ~~actual words of the~~

~~That~~ But ~~Compared with these~~

If we ~~turn from the play to the model~~.

~~This a strange Experience,~~ ~~This strange~~

The ~~nobles, who spoke so~~ This strange to turn from

the stage to the private house. On the stage,

~~Their inarticulateness in real~~

They spoke with great difficulty at the

Court of Elizabeth.

Their own voices are ~~scarcely audible~~

scarcely now to be heard. You look into the

~~heart of that~~ Great room where Elizabeth sat

~~with her~~ we can make out the beautiful daughter of a

Sir Edward Fytton Knight, of Gawsworth in

Cheshire, ~~goes to Court~~ becomes one of Elizabeth-

maid of honour. ~~The Court was~~ Sir William

Knollys vows that he will not "fail to

to fulfil your desire in playing the Good

Shepherd & will to my power defend the

innocent lamb from the wolvish cruelty &

foxlike subtlety of the tame beasts of this place ..."

And then, by a married man, falls in love with

~~But the we~~ Then there is

her. And then the curtain lifts unexpectedly at

silence. ~~How~~ the The Old

and intervals. We ~~see the~~

Countess tries to seduce the girl. Again

there is silence. The girl takes a lover and

Lord Pembroke. Gossip says the [illegible].

She dresses up as a man in a large white

Cloak & ~~march~~ meets the Earl privately.

Then she has borne a bastard.

I [illegible] [illegible].

the talk of
rulers
just about
under
problems
needing
great
discrimination
in the
dark
crowd of

the difficult lives of princes & rulers; who are
to whom the conduct of government is entrusted. He
The essays are the sediment of the ~~high~~ talk at
high tables; ~~when the~~ The common people are
contemptible. Their diversions toys. The proper
~~subject~~ study for rulers is the conduct of
affairs: when to yield; how to steer; how to
placate, how to coax; how to control. ~~He~~ To the
ambassador the play at the Globe either There was
a mere diversion; a rhapsody; something to
amuse the common people. but outside the pale of
ridicule; a diversion, ~~the~~ best to be visited, as a
~~Life of~~ Since the ruler must be aware of
the close-compact reflections, that darted into his head,
pass through forbidden channels, & issue in crabbed
& compact sentences statements. ~~The grooves that would~~
hem in. ~~There is none of the~~ The soul is vagrant
shut in; not, as in the other common essays, free:
of Montaigne, by comparison, is free, ~~of every~~
rambling, ~~an~~ unkept, a vagabond, a ranger.
~~But in And yet the the lord chancellor two~~
Nothing ~~et~~ cd be more antipathetic to the
stage than this absorbed, concentrative spirit
paring his phrases, rolling his experience into
close packed sentences. The wild ~~atmosphere~~ and
~~action~~, ~~an~~ irresponsible plays ~~seem~~
Dis with their hyperbole, ~~their~~ seem childs play.
And yet, with ~~the thought of the essays~~, the
the ruler, the thinker, the press of experience,
which ~~Bacon~~ ~~gave~~ which ~~lay behind~~
~~And~~ the And yet
~~was~~ is
was there not even in these grave &
subtle rulers a child! The Queen
enjoined plays as a "Solace". The
scheming minds of the Elizabethan nobles
had their need of fancy, of hyperbole.

She lived in
all the colour she
~~got than~~ 'I
grab. then.

She had not a
fine taste:
in human beings;
she allowed her
adopted nephew to
cheat her;

&

She had no tact; ~~no tle~~. She was independent, eccentric,
faithless; She allowed herself to be ~~[illegible]~~
cheated by her. She was indiscriminating. She
~~at~~ made a fool of herself with her adopted nephew.
She was ~~always~~ in extremes. She overflowed &
abounded & apparently untutored in-
~~She~~ ~~wd~~ went off at a tangent,
had no tact, no ~~f~~ grasp of facts; no
off she went ~~like a~~ into wild speculation
folly innumerable copy books into
the ~~most~~ most unjustified theories
about names & numbers. ~~Her~~ Her
common vitality was, after Johnson's death,
~~Cabined,~~ kept under; & her ~~Ec~~ ~~too~~ much of what
she wrote is, according to Clifford, ~~better~~
wild nonsense. ~~Still~~ – As an observer she was
greatly inferior to Boswell. ~~But as a~~
there was something original ~~or~~ not ~~only~~
genuine about her, but as a human being she
had ~~that~~ not only that zest for human beings
which is attractive, a generous, impulsive
~~love of~~ dashing gusto wh. kept her
bobbing up however she was dashed down –
but also there was a vein of originality in her.
She was ~~one of the~~ she broke up the false
pomposity of the ~~Johnsons~~ current style. She
made it her business to write colloquially.
~~And~~ She enjoyed her life in her own way.
At 80 she danced with Sir John.
And – The portrait of Mrs. Thrale
by an unknown artist is the portrait of a
very modern face: ~~strong~~; she tiny little woman.
has great hands; a large nose; &
by her own wish the deep scar on her lip
is faithfully depicted.

She was not
nearly so
acute or
so

It is
doubtful if
she can be
allowed
a very fine
mind.

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& this grave
brow: this
brooding mind

And the play could not disregard the ~~[illegible]~~ in
presence, at Court, even the Lord was at the
theatre. ~~the [illegible]~~ A ~~Suggestiveness~~ When
Even in Bacon himself, with his all his Craft his
Caution his astuteness there is ~~the same~~ some
thing rich, figured, fantastic. His ~~two~~ embodies,
substantiates: even the grave moralities are
coloured. Nay, where men cannot, when they
would; neither will they when it were Reason:
But are impatient of privateness, even in
age, a sickness, which requires the Shadow:
Like old Townsmen, that will still be
sitting at their Street doore; though thereby
they offer Age to Scorne!" In ~~an age~~ of
Creation; no figure ~~can take its seat~~ of.
take its seat in the playhouse without
altering the play. The Essays were after all
making its points a ~~way~~ for the Dramatist to +
to express, even in the play, in the stage, the
thought that was compressed, subtle: A servant,
of at Greenwich or Whitehall, one of the ~~Dramatists~~
caught sight of that inscrutable, dark figure, he
whose stature was so low, who were
more mountebanks engaged in solacing the
Queen Cesaria, the Virgin ind. So he again
in the Stars, adding another Personage to the
Great Company. Hyperbole required conceits.
~~the~~ ~~An~~ Everything, when times are absorbent,
Everything is thrown into the pot. Bacon,
Elizabeth, Essex: the upper women were to
this high aristocratic mood. Accordingly
Confers with its Cloak of invisibility the Power to
to go everywhere. the Dramatists were free
theirs. They And so, Bacon

39

their
correspondence
fumble,

behave like shopkeepers; we are left to suppose
that gleams & leaving to [illegible] there are very
small fish in a very stagnant stream. It is no more
possible to swim against the ~~current~~ ~~of the~~ time
~~it~~ of conventions of the time. And so
the marriage of a Brewer's widow with a
foreigner who sang ~~in tournament~~ to
caused as much genuine horror as, say, the
Misfortunes [illegible] of a daughter with
a negro with ~~cause~~ perhaps cause to day.
If Lady ~~Clara~~ Vere de Vere were not
asked ~~for~~ Mrs. Thrale's marrying Piozzi
was ~~arising~~ ~~[illegible]~~ was of affair,
~~productive~~ an asking ~~that~~ ~~her~~ was
Equivalent to
& when Mrs Piozzi expected her friends to call on her,
the [illegible] of the People treated Mrs P. as ~~it~~
perhaps we should treat a woman who
having ~~eloped with a negro~~, asked her friends to
invite her ~~during a Misfortune~~ [illegible] to
[illegible] ~~in~~ But the behaviour of Mrs. Piozzi

~~Mrs.~~ ~~This~~ ~~But~~ The more we examine. the more we admire her.
For the [illegible] truth to Mrs Piozzi. To Dr Johnson [illegible]
[illegible] her [illegible] Dr John.
[illegible] when Mr. Piozzi advised her to
change her name, she stoutly refused. Indeed,
were it not for the ~~accumulation~~ of facts
that Mr Clifford goes on accumulating with the
[illegible] of [illegible], we should be
apt to ~~make a heroine of Mrs. Piozzi~~ the
~~Each Mrs. Piozzi; to a place among~~
to honour Mrs P. ~~above her deserts~~ in
indulge in panegyrics. But facts seldom
~~support their~~ hyperbole. If we claim
that she was a brave woman, & –
who took her fate into her own hands,
made a success of her life, there is
still the fact that she was
~~[illegible]~~ is [illegible].

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to whom manners were types, who, much as a
modern ~~[illegible]~~ statesman might hold aloof from
the ~~current film~~, the extravagance of the popular
taste, was humbly used, exploited. ~~The Essays~~
~~There was~~ the aristocratic world was seen to
find that the mountebanks could
& put them onto the stage: cd. impersonate
gentlemen, as ~~well as~~ as well as commoners, &
& speak with ~~all the~~ & speak slowly, closely,
subtly
ponderously. ~~Bacon's prose~~ the little Essays
were making it possible to check poetry's
hopscotch with prose. ~~The Extravag~~
Had there been no prose in the plays, the
Globe & the Rose & the Swan might have
remained trivial. Poetry ~~is~~ the poetry that the
masses loved was gaudy, extravagant; it cd be
ruled & ranted. But a great age is an
immensely mysterious age. Players to Queen,
Prince, Chancellor, & Statesmen, the
play ~~wd meant~~ took ~~colour from them. It was~~
noted, other ways. ~~The rank~~ Marlowe
~~For~~ ~~there was~~ to ~~be an amalgamation~~.
As the ~~plays~~ ~~years~~ seasons passed, & play
succeeded play, the presence of the Lords
in the gilded rooms ~~was~~ gave had its effect.
There is poetry for the groundlings; ~~but~~
but for the gentlemen upstairs, there are
~~the~~ is thought, subtlety; & the compact
dense image lies and between delicate grooves
come, at last, on the lips of actors; &
the brooding mind is given a body to
inhabit. Prose is set among the rest;
given the comment & the contrast which
the other's supply.

5

~~His This he who make the greatest change~~
There is ~~the figure~~ And yet
Nobody did more to alter the proportion of Boswell's
life of Johnson. For Johnson's behaviour — "She is now
become a subject for her enemies to exult over,
& for her friends, if she has any left, to forget in
pity." There is the excuse that he was old & ill;
that he was jealous; that the man [illegible] was
his rival; that above everything he saw disappear
his ~~comforts, his [illegible] north town~~, his ~~f disciple~~:
Streatham, & its comforts, & his ~~most~~ ~~a lady~~
~~a~~ a ~~disciple for whom he felt a an~~ a favourite
disciple. ~~He~~ The old Elephant
loved in her company. ~~But~~ ~~His~~
But ~~the fact~~ All this cd be dismissed
by! For J. violent outbreak there is at
least the excuse that Mrs T's marriage meant the
end of Streatham, its peaches & book lists: & ~~the~~
took from him the ~~possession of its~~ & his
~~Library~~ the devoted attention of the mistress.
But how can we explain the ~~jealousy~~, the
behaviour of the clergy, the ~~babble of how~~ the
~~But the rest of her friends~~ But
rest of the Group? ~~But the why the~~ the group had merely
~~Those in~~ But the interest the group had no
~~His~~ There ~~is or~~ But the interest of
such hidden passions. ~~to~~ Their interests of
the marriage, their fury, their gossip, their
~~Outraged feelings~~, ~~can~~ ~~baffle~~ the outrage
~~why the~~ What cause had they to feel outraged?
They ~~were no men not aristocrats by birth~~; Most were no
~~They~~ ~~they were aristocrats of~~ were
better born than Piozzi; all ~~professed~~ ~~A~~ ~~If a~~
Here ~~we uncover too another the~~ If the widow of a
little county town, the widow of a ~~we~~
clergyman had married a Cornishman in
the marriage of clergyman's widow to a Cornishman in
a little country village might have caused such
commotion. But ~~then horrified~~, especially in
But these ~~were men of learning~~ of learning. ~~of~~
~~Their~~ when men of science & of learning

he lost, at one
blow, Streatham,
amenities;
comforts, &
a lady whom
in her his
possession of a lost:

& her male feelings
were outraged

2 The undaunted
devotion

had the other [illegible]
who had only
been devoted to two
Connections, with
whom her [illegible]
[illegible]. & to
[illegible] her

It was half the work of the audience. The audience was a large one. Fifteen hundred people, Dr Greg computes was an average audience. Of them, the smaller part ~~rather~~ were ~~in~~ apprentices, citizens, soldiers, the common people. Their presence in the penny part of the house is obvious. ~~They~~ This" they who draw up the ~~play~~ hyperbole, the extravagance of Tamburlaine as a" that of paper draws up a fire. ~~An eager~~ Then the ~~wooden~~ presence of an enthusiastic audience that makes the writer capable of great strides & vast audacities beyond his present reach.

Yet the audience is silent.

The silence of the Eliz audience is one of the deep gulfs that lies between us & the Eliz play. The audience ~~makes no comment; it~~ neither praises nor damns. To

The ~~play~~ dramatist then, had every incitement to rant, ~~to rhapsodise~~, to write ~~in~~ write in poetry: ~~The height~~ ~~From the common part of the~~ house part of the house. ~~But~~ They need the ~~heightening~~ ~~rhapsody & the rhythm~~ what heightens, magnifies, & the ~~falsification & the~~ even yet falsifies. But in the seats under the ceiling there were nobles, rulers; ~~men to whom~~ the scholars. Their silence is harder to explain. ~~It is difficult to understand how~~, Yet ~~night~~ day after day they. Now ~~as~~ was it that the better highly educated Elizabethan public sat ~~mute as~~ more ~~comment~~ upon ~~their~~ the play than the groundlings? were as silent as the groundlings?

Perhaps ~~one of the most~~ Bacon, who, in his youth had seen Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors acted at Grays Inn, ~~hints at~~ drops a hint. These things, he but toys "Bacon wrote in the Essay on Masques and Triumphs" The actors were and, in [illegible] of the Oxford morality [illegible]: the

The ~~And we are left with~~

The ~~was out~~ ~~Streatham had its~~

Boswell only saw Streatham. We see

the Salusbury: we see the whole life that

led up to Streatham. We

Behind the vivacious, irrepressible talker, lay

in the first place an ~~[illegible]~~ father: a

an impecunious, hard to [illegible] childhood: a

father who was a needy Welsh squire: a

struggle for money; an unhappy home affairs; &

a thin precocious, ill-[illegible] child; [illegible] edu-

knowledge, in a circle of

with a father, seeking a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]: a

living with her mother in lodgings: & found by her

father jealousy to

with a violent temper. —

Her father hated Mr Thrale - she died

apparently of her [illegible]

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still ~~mere~~ only mountebanks, bear leaders, acrobats. ~~The~~
Yet the ~~play was simply a diversion; & the players~~
The ~~players were~~ were ~~still~~ still beyond the pale of
civilised society; ~~When they had~~ Off the stage they were
they ~~brawled, stuck knives into~~ ~~knifed each other~~
~~brawled~~, cut each other throats; lived in the ~~depths of~~
heart of darkness, ~~a danger~~. ~~The~~ ~~So complete~~
with ~~knives~~ cut throats & atheists. Bacon

So complete is his contempt for the mountebanks at
Southwark that he can be tolerant. The proper
place for the weak passion of love was the stage &
for "love leads to speaking in a perpetual
hyperbole." ~~That~~ ~~was it this gulf~~ between the
rulers & the players ~~that~~ In any other age,
~~the~~ a thousand pens would have ~~recorded, the~~
~~told~~ been busy with gossip. Such was the
gulf between players & society that no one
~~of~~ ~~buried~~ ~~Gossiped when a player~~ ~~gossip was~~ no one
~~troubled to~~ ~~write~~ gossiped about Mr W.H.: & asked
~~Shakespeare~~. the sonnets addressed to him by one of the
players. ~~There~~ Such In ~~the other~~ upper world,
~~Bacon~~ The proper topics for discussion in the upper
world are to be found in the titles of Bacon's
Essays. If we want to hear what ~~was~~ said
in the nobleman rooms we must listen to
Bacon, meditating in his delicate gloves; of
Truth; of death, of Unity in Religion: of
Revenge: of Adversity of Simulation & Dissimulation
of parents & children. of Marriage & Single life.

The essays mirror the deportment of the
talk at the high table, ~~with Elizabeth, with~~ ~~the~~
~~Eng.~~ Of ~~the Queen~~ It is concerned
with the world of princes; with the art of
~~Government, with the ruling men~~: with the
art of ~~see~~ putting ~~affairs~~ ~~being~~ governments; with the
~~Science~~ ~~difficulties of that meet the~~ rulers,
with the tortuous natures of mankind; & the
as it shows itself in business, in State affairs:

3

No one can destroy Boswell's Mrs Thrale because
she is part of that incredibly complete life of
Johnson. But Mr Clifford has done what is
much more valuable [seems] – he has altered the proportions which has
~~There is no longer a~~ ~~the woman~~ Boswell's Mrs Thrale is
~~for~~ the Mrs Thrale ~~whom Boswell~~ of ~~whom~~
Boswell was Watson; ~~only a bit a~~
~~Sketch~~, a ~~unvarying~~ remains the vivacious,
unturbulent, ~~He has accumulated~~
~~He has turned his impartial, scrutinous~~ the
He has shown us what lies behind the
momentary vivacious apparition; ~~a~~
2w. through the sketch, ~~like all Boswell~~ 2w. though it is
keeps its vitality, ~~it is~~ still fills the place
~~still~~ Mrs Thrale ~~was~~
perfectly in the life of Johnson, was ~~so~~ she is no longer
the ~~vivacious apparition~~ ~~who~~ but Hester Lynch Salusbury:
only Boswell's Thrale; ~~she~~ is & secondly Mrs.
~~she~~ is Mrs Thrale; ~~she~~ is ~~then~~ & ~~years~~ later
Piozzi: ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~And~~ the figure becomes darker,
have gone to this ~~years of late~~
darker, more complicated. ~~the~~ the
~~the~~ This ~~unfortunate to~~ And, if Mr Clifford has
~~man of facts~~ ~~Drug the great book suffer~~
~~followed~~ ~~We do not at~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the Boston wonder
~~from this~~
~~Once almost~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~at~~ Mr.
for years upon ~~[illegible]~~ the back,– whether
Clifford has some how ~~[illegible]~~ document:
~~&c~~ the right mean of unpublished documents: all their
the hidden years: the sampling. nothing is
have in the end but
~~left now~~ The sketch ~~has~~ is only one
~~[illegible]~~ flicker of light: ~~behind it lay~~

The mother's Murphy:

The people are contemptible. "The matter of superstition is the People. .. ~~Praise~~ .. Praise, "if it be from the Common people, is then commonly False & Naught: ... the Lowest Vertues draw praise from them: the middle vertues worke in them astonishment, or Admiration; but of the Highest Vertues, they have no sense, or perceiving at all. But Shewes, & Species virtutibus similes, serve best with them."

~~The~~ ~~Yet,~~ ~~the soul is that in the more delicate groves walking in the Groves, the Bacon~~ the soul that walks in ~~those delicate~~ groves ~~to~~ keeps to a narrow path between hedges. ~~The Elizabethan soul is not~~ has

While Montaigne ranges the wood, rambling & vagrant, ingenious, doltish & loose, fertile. ~~Secure~~, to the narrow Godlily ~~imperatives~~ ~~Monk~~ Bacon keeps hedges. ~~those ways~~ path. ~~And as~~ ~~those ways~~ between ~~The~~ ~~And the~~ ~~Yet even the presence of these~~ The ~~force of the thoughts beneath those~~ Yet, ~~there is a~~ Even in those fruit shaded ~~groves~~, thought is not embodied, palpable. ~~It occurs in rich~~ this ~~rich, limbs~~ ...

The Bacon contempt for the populace was mediaeval. He was teaching the irrespective Elizabethan ages to think slowly, closely, subtly, to stiffen their poetry with prose. If a creative age is, like youth in the individual, infinitely susceptible, then the ~~Lord Chan~~ wary in his judgement, ~~is~~ setting his Of ~~Lati~~ when for ~~his~~ solace, the Bacon packed other pages added ~~in the~~ something to the Common Stock.

For ~~the cryings~~ ~~But~~ "These things are but toyes" ... but since Princes will have such things,

There was a child even in those who were interested in the work of Jo^t. The Queen needed ~~And~~ the Queen & her solace of her plays.

Boswell's brilliant sketch of Mrs Thrale – can anyone
by further art, balance this portray that
wonderful conversed the life? – ~~But, not~~
But, ~~new~~ ~~Mr Stafford~~ ~~their~~ portrait also of
~~Boswell. It is curious his~~ And this also
~~portrait of~~ But though Mr Ch had not
destroyed Boswell's Mrs Thrale, ~~he~~
has shown us that ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Great
portrait painters ~~soon~~ but he has done
something ~~of the Greatest rate~~ that is in its
way as
he has altered our sense of ~~her~~ proportion.
The ~~Sketch~~, ~~It~~ It is The sketch is only a
sketch; of the ~~incomplete~~ major.
done what only ~~a~~ is ~~almost~~ as the proportion of
unremarkable – he has altered the perspective
~~the~~ Boswell. he has changed the
It ~~has~~ Certainly no one can look at B's picture
of Mrs Thrale: ~~see~~ pass to the conjugate other
indulgent ~~truth~~. ~~that~~

The

the statesman, pausing for a moment in their incessant labours,
added to the play something aristocratic, high, intricate.
The grave figure + to whom the play was nothing serious;
to whom players were the off scum of the age, yet found
themselves, as time went on, on the stage themselves.
The ~~plays~~ ~~they have~~ the playwright have not
~~neither~~ to incorporate them too. ~~And so, though~~
~~It~~ Gradually they learn the trick of ~~[illegible]~~ so
swift ~~thought~~. ~~Hyperbole~~ ~~make~~ Clothed in
their inventive garments ~~say~~ anonymity, the players
were about the Court, in the groves. Even
If ~~the soul~~ there was no Montaigne to ~~[illegible]~~
Give the soul fluency, freedom, vagrancy, there ~~was~~ Bacon to make
were ~~then packed~~ ~~the~~ was, ~~in Bacon Essays~~,
~~the~~ ~~some~~ knowledge, intrigue, craft, the arts of
made available; in very close words: in ~~such~~ few
words: in words that compress meaning, yet give it
also a palpable body. The ~~great thinker~~
philosopher made his thoughts accessible: a
in [illegible]. ~~The very most~~ ~~something~~ the
+ ; there was Bacon
~~Sam Lear~~, living in his Essays, furtive, ambiguous, noble,
timid. crafty; — & the Queen. The
silence of the ~~of~~ ~~Earl~~ nobles in the upper room is
is ~~broken~~. ~~The silence~~ The nobles & scholars
may ignore the play itself. But their
presence is obvious too. The presence of these
region, ~~contorted~~ ~~nature~~ minds, even as they ~~[illegible]~~
sit there, without saying anything, is reflected; ~~as~~ ~~the~~
~~whole of Elizabethan~~ way that the other
whole body of Elizabethan life is reflected.
~~It~~ By a curious means, though
the Elizns are unknown to us though their own
words, they are known to us ~~the~~ in their men & women who are
reflections. Their ~~world~~ in the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~where they~~ themselves, are
so ~~fantastic~~ unreal love & hate - laugh
at truth & candidly.
~~in~~ on the stage.

became she was what a
a

Mrs Thrale

~~[illegible]~~

You cannot look at Boswell's Mrs Thrale,
because she is part of that wonderful composition; the Life of
Boswell's Johnson. But ~~if you are~~ Mr Clifford,
endowed with extraordinary acuteness, and discretion, & [illegible] industry,
& most powers of ~~[illegible]~~ unpublished document
you can by applying these rare gifts you may have to
a vast mass of unpublished document ~~[illegible]~~.

But you can, if you are Mr Clifford, –
but you can give ~~her a~~ – I mean Mr Clifford –
lay ~~a magnifying glass over her you can~~
reveal ~~all that~~ · what you can do, is to
Go behind that brilliant sketch: But, if you are
Mr Clifford, you can ~~penetrate beyond~~ behind that
brilliant ~~sketch: you~~ can begin ~~at~~ the
~~bring out~~ · pass behind that brilliant sketch: you can
you can be ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~ look
through that brilliant sketch; you can
do what is ~~you can make~~ you can do
what is ~~[illegible]~~ And But you can
make it

Ro
In ~~the great scene, Piozzi~~ " ~~[illegible]~~
Piozzi is simply "an Italian music master"
the words are ~~most deftly~~ fitted ~~into a room~~ –
~~[illegible]~~ Piozzi in the great picture is simply a
~~ridiculous~~ an Italian music master. ~~The~~
In real life, he was actually an Italian gentleman of [illegible] birth &
considerate, charming, ~~with a [illegible]~~ [illegible] & intelligent:
with a ~~passion for the music of Haydn~~ ~~& apparent~~
~~&~~ considerate, ~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~but~~ a little
such a passion for ~~music that he~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
happened [illegible] with his [illegible], & [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible] the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ .

the Statesman, pausing for a moment in the intricate labour,
added to the play something aristocratic, high, intricate.
The grave figure ‡ to whom the play was nothing serious,
to whom players were the very scale of the age, yet found
themselves, as time went on, on the stage themselves.
The ~~plays~~, ~~they have~~ the playwright have not
~~neither~~ to incorporate them too. ~~And so, though~~
~~It~~ Gradually they learn the trick of ~~[illegible]~~ in
swift ~~thought~~. Hyperbole ~~made~~ Clothed in
their inventive garment very anonymously. The players
were about the Court, in the groves. Even
If ~~the court~~ there was no Montaigne to ~~[illegible]~~
Give the soul fluency, freedom, vagrancy, there ~~was~~
were ~~then packed the~~ was, ~~in Bacon's Essays~~, Bacon to make
~~the same~~ knowledge, inquiry, craft, the arts of
made available; in very close words: in ~~[illegible]~~ few
words: in words that compress meaning, yet give it
also a palpable body. The ~~Great Master~~
philosopher made his thoughts accessible. &
in actuality. ~~The very [illegible]~~ ~~something~~ the
~~Great [illegible]~~ ‡ ; there was Bacon
Living in his essays, furtive, ambiguous, noble,
twisted, crafty: — & the Queen. The
silence of the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~old~~ nobles in the upper room is
is ~~broken~~. ~~The silence~~ The nobles & scholars
may ignore the play itself. But their
presence is obvious too. The presence of these
vigorous, ~~contracted~~ ~~natures~~ minds, even as they unfee-
sit there, without seeing anything, is reflected; ~~as~~ the
~~whole of Elizabethan~~ way that the other
which leads to Elizabethan life is reflected.
~~It~~ By a curious inversion, though
the Elizabethans are unknown to us though their own
words, they are known to us in their
reflections: the men & women who are
Their ~~[illegible]~~ in the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ themselves, are
so ~~[illegible]~~ unreal love & hate - laugh
at vivid, & candid, -
in on the stage.

Boswell's brilliant sketch of Mrs Thrale,—can anyone
by [illegible] art, balance this painting that
wonderful compound the life?—? ~~But, now~~
But now ~~Mr Clifford~~ ~~this paint~~ also of
~~Boswell. It preserves his~~ And this also
~~paint of~~ But though Mr Ch had not
destroyed Boswell's Mrs Thrale, ~~he~~
has shown us that ~~the~~ ~~the great~~
~~portrait painters were~~ but he has done
something ~~of the greatest value~~ that is in its
way as
he has altered our sense of ~~[illegible]~~ proportion.
The ~~Sketch~~, ~~It~~ ~~It~~ The sketch is only a
sketch: of the [illegible] ~~major~~
done what only ~~a~~ is ~~almost~~ as
remarkable — he has altered the proportions of
the Boswell. he has changed the perspective.
It ~~has~~ Certainly no one can look at B's picture
of Mrs Thrale: ~~the~~ past & the conquests without
[illegible] ~~truth~~. ~~[illegible]~~

The

132

213

The people are contemptible. "The master of superstition is
the People. . ~~Praise~~ . . Praise, "if it be from the
Common people, is commonly False & Naught: . .
the Lowest Virtues draw praise from them;
The middle virtues work in them astonishment, or
Admiration; but of the Highest Virtues, they have no
sense, or perceiving at all. But Shewes, &
Species virtutibus similes, serve best with them"

The ~~but~~, ~~The soul is that in these delicate groves.~~
~~walking in the Groves, to Bacon~~ The soul that walks in
~~those delicate groves to~~ keeps to a narrow path between
hedges. The Elizabethan soul is ~~not~~ has
While Montaigne ranges the wood, rambling &
vagrant, ingenuous, doubting, loose, fertile, ~~fecund~~, to the narrow
endlessly ~~inspecting~~, ~~Mont~~ Bacon keeps hedges. ~~these ways~~
path. ~~And as~~ ~~there was~~ between
~~the~~ ~~And the~~ ~~Yet even the presence of these~~
The ~~form of the thoughts brewed those~~ Yet, ~~there is a~~
Even in those ~~groves~~ that shade, thought is ~~is~~ not embodied, palpable.
It ~~wears in rich~~ this ~~rich, limbs~~ . . .

The Bacon contempt for hospitable was mediaeval.
He was teaching the irrespective attentive pupils to
think slowly, closely, subtly, to stiffen their
poverty with prose. If a creative age is, like
youth rather incredulous, infinitely susceptible, then
~~the Lord Ch~~ wealthy rather jewels, & letting loose
Of Late when for ~~his~~ solace, the Bacon packed
other pages added ~~to the~~ something to the Common Stock.
~~But~~ "These things are best taxes" . .
For ~~the essays~~ will have such things,
but since Prince who were
There was a child even in those
unmarked rather lovely of 50. The Queen needed
~~And~~ the Queen &
her solace of her pillage

No one can destroy Boswell's Mrs Thrale because
she is part of that wonderful composite the life of
Johnson: But Mr Clifford has done what is
much more valuable – he has altered the proportion after him
~~There is no longer a~~ ~~She remains~~ Boswell's Mrs Thrale is
~~for~~ the Mrs Thrale ~~whom Boswell~~ of ~~whom~~
Boswell was unaware; ~~only a bit of~~
~~Mobile,~~ & ~~unstirring~~ remain the vivacious,
untroubled ; ~~He has accumulated~~
~~He has formed his impartial, scrupulous~~ the
He has shown in what lies behind the
momentary vivacious apparition, a
so, though the sketch, ~~like all Boswell~~ & so, though it is
keeps its vitality, ~~it is~~ still falls the then
~~still~~ Mrs Thrale ~~and~~ still falls, was ~~to~~
perfectly in the life of Johnson, she is no longer
the ~~vivacious apparition who~~ just Hester Lynch Salusbury:
only Boswell's Thrale; ~~she is~~ & finally Mrs.
~~she~~ is Mrs Thrale; she is then ~~years~~ later
Piozzi: ~~The~~ ~~So~~ the ~~And~~ becomes darker,
have gone to this ~~years of late~~
darker, more complicated.
~~the~~ ~~This unfortunate to~~ ~~the~~ the
~~man of facts~~ And, if Mr Clifford has
~~followed~~ Does the great book suffer
~~from this~~ ~~we do not~~ the 24, after wooden
~~Once almost~~ ~~this~~ Mr.
for years upon ~~then~~ the back, – ~~at~~ whether
Clifford has somehow touched hands, whether
~~to~~ the right mass of unpublished document:
the hidden ones; the scrapbooks: all these
have in the end been nothing is
~~left~~ ~~him~~ The sketch has is only one
~~here~~ flicker of light: ~~behind it lay~~

the mother's Nietzsche:

still ~~much~~ only mountebanks, bear leaders, acrobats. ~~The~~
~~pt~~ The ~~play was simply a diversion;~~ & the players
the ~~players~~ ~~were~~ were ~~sott~~ still beyond the pale of
civilised society; ~~When they had~~ Off the stage they were
they ~~brawled~~, ~~stuck knives into~~ knifed ~~each other~~:
~~brawled~~, cut each other throats; lived in the ~~depths of~~
heart of darkness, ~~a danger~~. ~~The~~ So ~~complete~~
with ~~knives~~ cut throats & atheists. Bacon
So complete is his contempt for the mountebanks at
Southwark that he can be tolerant. The proper
place for the weak passion of love was the stage "
for "love leads to speaking in a perpetual
hyperbole." ~~That~~ ~~was it this gulf~~ between the
rulers & the players ~~that~~ In any other age,
~~the~~ a thousand pens would have ~~recorded~~, the
~~told~~ been busy with gossip. Such was the
Gulf between players & society that no one
~~of~~ bussed ~~Gossiped when a player~~ ~~Gossip was~~ more
~~troubled to~~ ~~write~~ gossiped about Mr Will: & asked
~~Shakespeare~~. the lowest address to him by one of the
players. ~~There~~ Such In ~~the~~ other world,
~~Bacon~~ ~~The~~ proper topics for discussion in the upper
world are to be found in the titles of Bacon
Essays. If we want to hear what ~~was~~ said
in the nobleman rooms we must listen to
Bacon. Meditating in his delicate gloves; of
Truth; of death, of Unitie in Religion: of
Revenge: of Adversity, of Simulation & Dissimulation
of parents & children. of Marriage & Single life.
The essays present the sediment of the
talk at the high table. ~~with~~ ~~Elizabeth~~, with
~~Eng.~~ Of ~~the Queen~~ ~~the~~ It is concerned
with the world of princes; with the art of
~~Government, with the~~ ~~ruling men~~: with the
art of ~~see~~ putting ~~affairs~~ ~~seeing~~ government: with the
~~Science~~ ~~difficulties of that meet the~~ rules,
with the for[illegible] natures of mankind; & the
as it shows itself in business, in State affairs:

and, in spite of the [illegible] morning doubts; the

The The

~~And we are lost with~~

She ~~was not~~ ~~Streatham had its~~

Borough only saw Streatham. We see

the Salusburys: we see the whole life that

led up to Streatham. We

Behind the vivacious, irrepressible hostess, lay

in the first place an ~~[illegible]~~ father: a

an impecunious, hand to mouth childhood: a

father who was a needy Welsh Lazarus: a

struggle for money; an unhappy love affair; or

a the ever precocious, ill [illegible] child; desultory edu-

knowledge; in a circle of

such a father, seeking a fortune in Nova Scotia – a

living with her mother in lodgings; & found by her.

father jealousy to

with a violent temper. –

Her father hated Mr Thrale – the died

apparently of the rancour

It was half the work of the audience. The audience was a large one. Fifteen hundred people, Dr Greg computes ~~was~~ was an average audience. Of these, the greater part ~~rank~~ were ~~in~~ apprentices, citizens, soldiers, the common people. Their presence is in the very part of the house is obvious. ~~They~~ This is they who draw up the ~~play~~ hyperbole, the extravagance of Tamburlaine as a that of Shakespeare draws up a lyric. ~~An eager~~ Then the ~~audien~~ presence of an enthusiastic audience that makes the writer exhibit a great stride & vast audacities beyond his present reach.

Yet the audience is silent.

The silence of the Eln audience is one of the deep gulfs that lies between us & the Eln play. The audience ~~makes no comment;~~ ~~it~~ neither praises nor damns. To

The ~~play~~ dramatist ~~then~~, had every inducement to rant, ~~to whatsoever~~, to write ~~to~~ write ~~in~~ poetry: ~~the height~~ ~~From the common part of the~~ house hearing the house. ~~But~~ They need the ~~heightening~~ ~~rhapsody & the rhythm~~ what heightens, magnifies, & the ~~falsification & the~~ even yet falsifies. But in the seats under the ceiling there were nobles, rulers; ~~men to whom~~ the scholars. Their silence is harder to explain. ~~It is difficult to understand how~~. Yet ~~night~~ ~~day after day~~ they. Now ~~as~~ was it that the [illegible] highly educated Elizabethan lubbers ~~sat~~ ~~made no~~ num ~~comment~~ upon ~~this~~ the play than the groundlings? were as silent as the groundlings?

Perhaps ~~one of the most~~ Bacon, who, in his youth had seen Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors acted at Greys Inn, ~~hints at~~ drops a hint. Then they, he but [illegible] "Bacon wrote in the [illegible] " The actors were [illegible] Triumphus

~~His~~ ~~Mrs Thrale who makes the greatest change~~
there is ~~the figure~~ And yet
Nobody does more to alter the proportion of Boswells
life of Johnson. For Johnsons behaviour — "she is now
become a subject for her enemies to exult over,
& for her friends, if she has any left to forget or
pity" there is the excuse that he was old & ill;
that he was jealous; that the many months were
his usual; that at one swoop he saw disappear
his ~~comforts, his~~ ~~[illegible] north been~~, his ~~& disciple~~:
Streatham, & its comforts, & his ~~most a lady~~
~~& a disciple for whom he felt & an~~ a trumpeted
disciple. ~~He~~ the old elephant
loved in his agony. ~~But~~ ~~His~~
But ~~the truth~~. All this cd be disguised
by! For J. violent outbreak there is at
least the excuse that Mrs T's marriage meant the
end of Streatham, its peaches & port wine; & the
loss from him the ~~possession of its~~ of his
~~library~~ the devoted attention of the mistress.
But ~~the~~ how can we explain the, ~~[illegible]~~ the behaviour of the
clercum, the ~~[illegible] of [illegible]~~ ~~But the rest of her friends~~
rest of the group? But the rest of the group had merely
~~there is~~ But ~~the rest of the~~ the group had no
~~His There is or~~ But the rest of the group had no
such hidden reasons. ~~At~~ their ridicule of
the marriage, their fury, their gossip, their
~~outraged feelings~~, can ~~baffle~~ the outrage
what cause had they to feel outraged?
wh~~en the~~
they ~~were no men not aristocrats by birth~~; ~~Most were no~~
~~they~~ they were aristocrats of
better born than Piozzi; all ~~professed~~ were
~~Here we [illegible] another the~~ If A ~~if a~~
a little country town the widow of a
clergyman had married a Corsman ~~we~~
the marriage of clergyman widow to a Cornishman in
a little country village might have caused such
commotion. But ~~[illegible] horrified, especially~~ of heaven. ~~of~~
But these ~~were men of [illegible]~~
~~their~~ when men of sense & of having

the lady, at an
blue stocking,
commentaries;
Comforts, ~~7~~
a lady whom
in ~~ha~~ his
possession of a lady:

& his male feeling
was outraged

2 the undivided
devotion

had the other [illegible]
who had only
been [illegible] to two
[illegible], to [illegible]
upon her with
ridicule, etc
[illegible]

NYPL

to whom masques were toys, who, much as a
modern ~~[illegible]~~ statesman might hold aloof from
the ~~current film,~~ the Extravaganza & the popular
party, was [illegible] and exploited. ~~The Essays~~
~~there was~~ the aristocratic world was won to
find that the mountebanks could
& put them onto the stage: cd. impersonate
Greatness, as ~~well as~~ as well as commoners, &
& speak with ~~all the~~ & speak slowly, clearly,
subtly. ponderously. ~~Bacon [illegible]~~ the latter Essays
were making it possible to check poetry
hyperbole with prose. ~~The Extravag~~
Had there been no prose in the plays, the
Globe & the Rose & the Swan might have
remained trivial. Poetry is the greater that the
masses loved was gay, extravagant; it cd be
wild & rantic. But a great age is an
immensely majestic age. Players to Queen,
Prince, Chancellor, & statesman, the
play ~~[illegible]~~ took ~~colour from them.~~ ~~It was~~
noted, other ways. ~~The vast~~ Marlowe
~~For there was~~ ~~to be an amalgamation.~~
As the ~~plays~~ years [illegible] passed, a play
succeeded play. the presence of the Lord
in the Gilded rooms ~~was~~ gave had its effect.
there is poetry for the groundlings; but
but for the gentlemen upstairs, there are
~~the~~ is thought, subtlety, & the contrast
dense image and between delicate graces
come, at last, on the lips of actors &
the brooding mind is given a body to
inhabit. Reason is set among the rest;
given the comment on the contrast which
the other's supply.

behave like shopkeepers; & we are left to suppose
that gloom & leaving [illegible] are there are very
small fish in a very shallow stream. It is no more
possible to swim against the ~~current of the~~ time
~~it is~~ of one's own time. And so
the marriage of a Brewer's widow with a
foreigner who sang ~~is tantamount~~ to
cause as much genuine horror as, say, the
misalliance of a Duke's daughter with
a negro ~~would~~ perhaps cause to day.
If Lady Clara Vere de Vere ~~were~~
asked ~~for~~ Mrs. Thrale's marrying Piozzi
was ~~asking~~ ~~[illegible]~~ was, it appears,
~~producing~~ a asking ~~that~~ ~~her~~ was
equivalent ~~to~~
& when Mrs Piozzi expected her friends to call on her,
she was as of the people treated Mrs P. as ~~it~~
perhaps we should treat a a woman who
having ~~eloped with a negro~~, asked her friends to
visit her during ~~a Misalliance beyond~~ to
halls ~~in~~ But the behaviour of Mrs. Piozzi
~~Mrs. This~~ ~~But~~
The more we examine them, the more we admire her.
For she [illegible] stuck to her Piozzi. To Dr John Sheffield
there is her spirited reply: Dr. John.
Then is her ~~[illegible]~~ when Mr. Piozzi advised her to
change her name, she stoutly refused. Indeed,
were it not for the ~~accumulation~~ of facts which the
that Mr Clifford goes on accumulating with the
disparagement of, the stuff, we should be
apt to ~~make a heroine of Mrs Piozzi~~:
~~exact Mrs Piozzi; to a place among~~ the
to honour ~~Mrs P. above her deserts~~ in
indulge in panegyrics. But facts seldom
~~support their~~ hyperbole. If we claim
that she was was a brave woman, &
who took her fate into her own hands, —
made a success of her life, there is
still the fact that she was also
~~rather~~ a goose.

THAN

a this grave
brow, this
pondering [illegible]

And the play could not disregard the ~~[illegible]~~ in
presence, at Court, even the Lord Mayor at the
Theatre. ~~the lag~~ of ~~Suggestiveness~~ When
Even in Italian comedy, with ~~his~~ all her craft in
Caution his artfulness there is ~~the same~~ some
thing rich, jeweled, fantastic. The ~~two~~ embodies,
substantiates: even the grave moralities, are
coloured. Nay, where men cannot, when they
would; neither will they when it were Reason:
But are impatient of Privateness, Even in

39

Life, a Sickness, which requires the Shadow:
Like old Townsmen, that will still be
sitting at their Street doore; though thereby
they offer Age to Scorne." In ~~an age~~ of cd.
Creation, no figure ~~can take its seat~~ without
take its seat in the playhouse were after all
altering the play. The Essays
making it a ~~thing~~ figure for the Dramatist to +
to Express, even in the play, on the stage, the
thought that was conceived, subtle: A servant,
[illegible] at Greenwich or Whitehall, one of the ~~Dramatist~~
caught sight of that immobile, dark figure, he
whose stature was so low, who were
more mountebanks engaged in isolating the
Queen Cesarina, the figure fed. ~~So~~ Once again
in the plays, adding another homage to the
Great Company. Hyperbole required consultation.

their
[illegible]
fumble,

The ~~the~~ Everything, when times are abundant,
Everything is thrown into the pot. Raleigh,
Elizabeth, Essex: the upper rooms were to
this high aristocratic mood. Accordingly
Cupers with its cloak of [illegible] the [illegible] to
to go everywhere. The Dramatists were [illegible]
theirs. They And so, Raleigh

She dressed in
all the colours the
of ~~the then~~ '/
[illegible]:
She had not a
fine taste:
in human beings;
She allowed her
adopted nephew to
Cheat her;
&

She had no taste; ~~no the~~. She was impertinent, eccentric,
tactless; she allowed herself to be ~~wasted or~~
cheated by her. She was undiscriminating. She
~~at~~ made a love & hero with her adopted nephew.
She was ~~always~~ in extremes. She overflowed &
abounded & apparently untouched in
She ~~had~~ went off at a tangent,
had no tact, no ~~p~~ grasp of facts; no
off she went ~~like a~~ into wild speculations
filling innumerable copy books with
the ~~most~~ most unjustified theories
about names & numbers. ~~Her~~ Her
enormous vitality was not, after Johnson's death,
cabined, kept under; & her ~~&c~~ too much of what
she wrote is, almost - in Clifford, ~~better~~
wild nonsense. ~~Still~~ - As an observer she was

She was not
nearly so
acute as
so

greatly inferior to Boswell. ~~But as a~~
There was something original ~~or~~ not ~~only~~
genuine about her, but as a human being she
had ~~that~~ not only that zest for human beings
which is attractive, a generous, impulsive

It is
doubtful if
she can be
allowed
a very fine
mind.

~~love of~~ dashing gusto wh. kept her
bobbing up however she was dashed down -
but also there was a vein of originality in her.
She was ~~or of the~~ she broke up the false
pomposity of the ~~Johns~~ current style. She
made it her business to write colloquially.
And she engaged her life in her own way
at 50 she danced with Dr. Johns..
And - The portrait of Mrs. Thrale
by an unknown artist is the portrait of a
very modern face: ~~strong~~; she is very like a woman.
has great hands; a large nose; & the deep scar on her lip
by her own wish
is faithfully depicted.

THAN

the difficult lives of princes & rulers; who are to whom the conduct of government is entrusted. ~~He~~ The plays are the recreation of the ~~high~~ folk at high tables; ~~when the~~ The common people are contemptible. their diversion toys. The proper ~~subject~~ which for rulers is the conduct of affairs: when to yield; how to steer; how to placate, how to coax; how to control. ~~He~~ To the [illegible] the play at the Globe or the Rose was a mere diversion; a rhapsody; something to amuse the common people. but outside the life of [illegible]; a diversion, ~~the~~ ~~best~~ to be visited, as a ~~Life of~~ Since the ruler must be aware of the close compact reflections, that darted into his head, pass through forbidden channels, & issue in crabbed & compact [illegible] statements. ~~The Grooves that would~~ The soul is vagrant him in. ~~There is none of the~~ free: that is; not, as in the other famous Essays, is free, ~~of every~~ of Montaigne, by comparison, a vagabond, a ranger. rambling, ~~un~~ unkept,

~~But in And yet the the Lord Chancellor too~~

Nothing ~~it~~ cd be more antipathetic to the stage than this absorbed, deliberative design packing his powers, rolling his experience into close packed sentences. The wild ~~abstraction~~ al actors, ~~in~~ irresponsible plays ~~seem~~ dis- with their hyperbole, ~~their~~ seem child's play.

And yet, until ~~the thought of the Essays~~, the the ruler, the thinker, the press of experience, which ~~Bacon Gave~~ which ~~lay~~ behind ~~And~~ the And yet ~~was~~ is was there not even in these grave & subtle rulers a child! The Queen enjoyed plays as a "solace". The scheming minds of the Elizabethan nobles had their need of farce, of hyperbole.

the task of rulers just what wide problem needing personal discernment in the dark cloud of

That ~~the Court~~

The ~~ladies~~ Comes a later after the Elizabethan Memories
~~Get the~~ The ~~actual words of the~~
That But ~~Compared with these~~
If we ~~turn from the play to the model~~.
~~This a strange Experience,~~ ~~This strange~~
The ~~nobles, who spoke~~ so This strange to turn from
the stage to the servants room. On the stage.

The~~ir inarticulateness in real~~
They spoke with great difficulty at the
Court of Elizabeth.

Their own voices are ~~scarcely audible~~
scarcely now to be heard. Yet we look into the
heart of that great room where Elizabeth sat
with her we can make out the beautiful daughter of a
Sir Edward Fytton Knight, of Gawsworth in
Cheshire, ~~goes to Court~~ becomes one of Elizabeth's
maids of honour. ~~The Court was~~ Sir William
Knollys vows that he will not "faint to
to fulfil your desire in playing the Good
Shepherd & will to my power defend the
innocent lamb from the wolvish cruelty &
9. foxlike subtlety of the tame beasts of this place ..."
and then, being a married man, falls in love with
her. And then ~~But the so~~ Then there is
silence. ~~How~~ The curtain lifts unexpectedly at
odd intervals. We ~~see the~~ The old
Courtier tries to seduce the girl. Again
there is silence. The girl takes a lover and
Lord Pembroke Gossips says the word.
Dresses up as a man in a large white
Cloak & ~~marches~~ meets the Earl privately.
Then she has borne a bastard.
Silence falls.

owes its extravagance, its heat, its best seller quality to the audience in the penny seats. But there was also a sprinkling of gentry - sitting upstairs, ~~under the~~ with a ceiling over them. Their silence ~~was~~ equally profound. ~~It is strange that among~~ Was ~~it that~~ a native art still seemed despicable? Or was ~~it that~~ ~~At~~ But the cultivated, the wealthy, the Bacons, the Elizabeths, the Raleighs, also influenced-

Bacon, ~~for example~~, set down some of his meditations. ~~On~~ the Stage

"These things are but toys." Bacon wrote, in the essay ~~called~~ "Of Masques & Triumphs".. "The Stage is ~~[illegible]~~ ~~Comedies~~. ~~[illegible]~~ more beholding to Love, than the Life of Man" the ~~life of man~~ ... "great spirits, & great business, doe keepe out ~~of~~ this weake passion." Its proper place was in the stage, where

Love th: heart is 'speaking in ~~the~~ a perpetual hyperbole" was the place for that was the stage.

~~was a~~ When Bacon walked in his 'delicate groves" meditating, he ~~thinks~~ one of men's activities ~~for~~ 'Vanity ~~with its place~~ had no place in ~~was dismissed~~; among serious observations

156

though "Princes will have such things" save that since Princes will have such things, it is better they should be graced with Elegancy, than daubed with Cost." the ~~contrast~~ The Essays ~~are~~ stages speak ~~with essays~~ ~~the~~ hyperbole. the thoughts that ~~darted~~ into his mind as he ~~walked~~ ~~listen~~ under the shade of his trees are ~~wit, Grave~~; the ~~grave~~ ~~Stay~~ the wit & ~~the word~~ walking under groves, the life of man appears ~~the world~~ He is ~~meditating~~ ~~comedies & tragedies~~. He is meditating the real life of man. ~~It is~~ the intricacies, the difficulties, the tortuous ways of state, the

She is taken home secretly by her father. Her ~~mother~~
cries 'when a fresh intrigue is on foot" 'I wish
76 I had pleased God when I did bear her that she &
I had been buried it had saved me from a
great deal of sorrow & grief & her from ....
such shame' as never had Cheshire woman, ...
write no more to me of her."
~~But save for these &c~~ But the drama
of the abandoned girl moves in darkness.
She passes ~~through~~ the court without speaking; is solicited by Knollys:
seen ~~by an~~ only by a ~~without~~ dozen eyes as a man,
seduced by Pembroke, without opening her lips. We see her in her white
cloak only through the eyes of one Mrs Martin
who dwelt at the Chopping Knife near
Ludgate: And her single letter to her seducer,
only speaks ceremoniously of the pangs of mind. ~~The common speech~~
~~To the The letter can all~~
Facts, ~~writing~~. The
her own passion, the disgrace, the heartache & the family
are all hidden under ~~the~~ flourishes & ornament.
parables & similes. ~~Spenser is quoted.~~
Spring & Summer: the frost that nips blossom: the ~~gentlewomen~~
flowers of a garden — the ~~ken~~ old
na~~turally~~ pen. carnets & larkspur in their
metaphors; though the meaning — that his
man is in love with the girl & wishes to
breed from her — ~~breeds~~ here & again
Spenser is quoted. — Indeed. The poets
have taken ~~from the the poet~~ have made it
impossible for simple speech in a County
ladies to write English. And behind this
florid decoration, these strained elegancies,
the men & women are passionate, crude,
brutal; seducing each other. The
world. loses of the world gray & raven. Reputation
~~Only ...~~ The bastards are born.
are now. Only what
127.

weighing what we know but cannot measure. And
to the Elizabethans words after their long ~~of~~
silence, the power of words to say at last what
was in them, cooped up, ~~must h~~ must have
given their early ~~plays~~ ~~an~~. released them in front of
their early plays, whom. for the first time,
they realised themselves. They as if after ages of
in dumbness, they had left ~~the~~ come out into the air:
as if at last, they realised what is human life;
what is love, what is ~~sorrow~~. And for the ~~first~~
~~The~~ then knowledge was conveyed not by the
preacher, nor by the historian. It was made audible
visible together in the ~~be seen freely for~~
flesh. ~~But~~ This is a curious invention.
To ~~be aware~~ the dramatists gave the
audiences their existence. We are made aware
of the Elizabethans by the fiction dramatists.
This in Marlowe we see them as great
Conjurors. But if the audience received this
extraordinary proof of their being without common.
It was with ~~a~~ rapture. Again & again the
the Lord Mayor protested against the
intoxication that was offered by the Playhouse.
But the attraction was irresistible.
~~If we imagine~~ ~~This~~. For there at the Rose, or
the Globe, or the Fortune, men & women who
had never seen themselves yet, whose only
reading was a primer, or a sermon, or an old
story of kings & ladies, ~~[illegible]~~ or perhaps being all day
cd not even read, but were in one way or another
lovers, strugglers, getting a livelihood their own lives composed
saw ~~the~~ ~~we~~ their own heard, at last,
lit up, adorned: & daily aspirations, the dream they had,
the passions they felt, their own the spoken out loud.
in poetry. ~~But Poetry cd not of course~~
The ~~poetry was~~ The popular play
The ~~The audience~~

murders, as they were: making jokes: squabbling: fighting.

under cover of their flowery speech, the real Fitton or the Knollys –
the Pembrokes remain unseen. We only know of the Elizabethans
from the plays that were acted at and on the
Bankside ~~that they felt~~ existed. Anonymity
~~has~~ they too, like ~~these~~ the dramatists, are
nameless. anonymous. ~~Only~~ ~~But all~~
~~But by a queer~~ ~~The~~ The ~~trappings are there.~~
No generation had more anxiety to preserve
the substance from decay. The tombs
~~Tombs~~ they ~~seem to pretend~~ they
grasp at immortality. ~~Are~~ they defy death
with their great tombs. In life they
eat prodigiously. They wear clothes that are
so heavy they can scarcely move in them.
The outer life is substantial: as
~~Great~~ cloth of gold & marble can make it.
But the passions ~~that~~ ~~burnt in~~ the heart
~~are~~ within are ~~silent.~~ until the dramatists
speak for them on the stage. They themselves are [illegible]

A ~~Literature~~ The nobles in the
upper part of the house then supplied
~~their devotion~~ The ~~players the~~
Their attachment to the substance of the earth:
~~their~~ body: ~~their~~ the greed with which they
acquire: their catalogues of property of
furniture: their perpetual anxiety for
their estates. Their law suits, in
inventories, in letters supplicating places;
~~in the~~ For everything was then ~~at~~ the in
the gift of individuals. The family
It was the Queen, or her nobles, who had the
personal a patronage. ~~The~~ The
patron was in his prime. The book
depended on his favour. And yet we no

No name was ~~attached to Tamburlaine~~ anonymous.

The play was anonymous. That fact by itself
is enough to show how largely the ~~play was~~ still
the ~~work of~~ ~~inspired~~ a ~~common product~~.
detached from the author, unclaimed, ~~a they made~~
a common product; ~~shaped~~ written by one hand, but
so moulded in its transition from the written word
to the spoken that the author had no sense of
property in it. ~~Thus~~, ~~when we~~ ~~If we~~
~~And Yet~~ Over ~~the silence of the audience~~
Yet the audience itself is dumb. ~~We~~
~~They~~ The
they flocked to the play. must have apprentices, citizens,
fifteen hundred people. We must have in silence
heard Tamburlaine; but for ~~they say~~ not a word.
The silence of the Elizabethan audience is one of the
gulfs that separate us fr. the plays. We can
feel, in Marlowe, the ~~pr~~ presence of some
thing in J. Drawing up the ~~pr~~ extravagance,
phrases, as a Elizabethan as a paper draws up a
fire. ~~They~~ We can ~~suppose that the~~ ~~of a play~~
What the audacity of the ~~vigour~~ thing is.
which even in our day a ~~tragedy~~ popular play, in a
~~furious a~~ can be felt in a the flow of the speech in
best selling novel. ~~It is~~ as if something were urging the
something writer to audacities & great strides
beyond his private reach. But
the silence is unbroken.
~~There to understand~~ ~~the audience at the Rose~~. We have to
~~If~~ to understand that silence something
Compare it with our own sense of
that takes the breath away, is unlegen, is
natural, is cumbersome released, get our own
uncritical – The attitude say of our ballet, at the
audience at the Russian at new art
Cinema. ~~It seems on us~~ suddenly &
comes upon us so
surprisingly that we ~~sit silent~~,

age can there have been a deeper gulf between the artist and the society. ~~The Great who presumably~~ Who is Mr W H? to whom a young poet has dedicated his sonnets? Nobody troubles to ask. This is not a matter of any interest it seems in Court circles. The plays are not discussed. The world of writers is too remote from the Court. The loves & hates of those descendants of the jugglers & minstrels are too have no bearing upon the life of the nobles. And ~~the reason may be that~~ the early works of Shre. ~~call for no~~ breed no ~~but~~ comment. One reason may be that the dramatists were not destroying anything: ~~of Ibsen~~ the indignation that, after the first performance, Ibsen. for example created in 19th century London, was in part the rage of those who felt that their own world was being ousted. ~~People~~ Great The great might be mocked in some of the plays The censor was quick to control any irreverence. But ~~the ideas~~ the public at the Globe or the Rose could not ~~resent~~ feel, as the public in the 19th century felt when Ghosts was acted that a writer had arisen who was destroying the old humbugs: who was U~~pfak~~ ~~or~~ ~~telling~~ showing up ~~society~~ the inconvenience of society. and ~~the~~ after all, since prose was still half poetry, ~~a~~ no separate being, but ~~half~~ that function of the writer had the critical spirit had no proper tool.

Then as if he were trying to do two things at the same time.
His irrelevance: a pause; a break: a mixture of two different sorts.

It was making it possible for the commoners & the
& nobles to come together in one house; to
listen ~~to the same play.~~ to ~~listen to a play~~

The ~~playhouse was built before Spenser died.~~
At last the ~~mummers~~ & the minstrels were given a
lodging, a centre. The playhouse was built;
to listen to the same play. Before Spenser died the
playhouse was built, ~~to~~ which ~~the mummers & the~~
~~minstrels~~ Gave a ~~lodging to the~~ wandering actors
their lodging, their centre.

It was a.

~~At half past two in the afternoon~~ ~~The~~ It was
~~It was open to the air.~~ half open to the air; &
surrounded by palings; half open to the sky.
~~for~~ one penny was charged for standing room in the yard.
~~For~~ Twopence a ~~seat was~~ to procure a seat; sixpence a
seat ~~in the~~ under a ~~roof~~. the thatched roof. The
Rose ~~was~~ ~~Rose was~~ At half past two if the audience
Play flew, the trumpets sounded. & the audience ~~came in~~ whenever
~~assembled.~~ They ~~came from the~~ ~~next the~~ ~~The Rose~~ was
assembled. ~~The rough~~ It was a rough neighbourhood—
~~Next door to~~ stood
Next door to the Rose in Southwark stood
a brothel. Hogs infested the street. The house itself
was building wood; the roof was thatched; & ~~when~~ the
~~a play flew when the this play was~~ at half past two in
~~hour for the performance~~ the afternoon a flag was hoisted. & trumpets
the afternoon a flag was hoisted. & trumpets
sounded: the ~~flag~~ the audience ~~came~~ assembled.
~~They were ferried across in boats; the~~
~~The Globe hand were~~ For one penny they cd a seat in
stand in the yard; for twopence procure a seat under the roof.
the gallery, for sixpence a seat. What else was
~~Did~~ they ~~flocked to the~~ play.
there for them to do! —

~~Now~~ Again the curtain rises; & this shadowy
unsubstantial life that was ~~smothered~~ in
the ~~in Cheshire, at Whitehall, in [illegible]~~
crust ~~so~~ of the county squires, & the [illegible] of
honour is ~~hidden to us~~ is revealed. The
~~Life~~ in a moment, almost before we have had
time to settle in our seats, we are
in the thick of ~~real~~ passion: of love: of adultery
of murder. Everything is a tip toe. The
mute silent ~~loves~~ figures are seen in all
their bravery. The presence of unexpressed
emotion, of ~~the thing that~~ has embodied itself
in Yorkshire, in the figures of Frankford & his wife:
in Wendoll the adulterer; in Acton the
the supper is laid: the cards are on the table: &
the husband sees his wife lying asleep, in the
arms of the lover. ~~So~~ & the old yellow pages,
with their blanks, their riddles, their references
that can no longer be deciphered, ~~are~~
give place to the out right downright speech.
In the play which is evident & outspoken. In
real life all is hidden concealed ~~over~~, suppressed.
~~the~~ ~~And~~ The ~~playwright has from~~ of course is
~~But how far can~~
Anonymity is fast dispersing. The ~~play~~ Dramatist
is becoming ~~self conscious. The play is ceasing~~ to be
the ~~mob's the~~ And ~~at some point, the~~
The dramatist is emerging from the old
juggler & the bear leader. He is ~~becoming~~
freeing himself from the compulsion of the audience.
~~He is receiving~~, ~~A~~ ~~Now is a~~ The
bodily, ~~the actual~~, If the body must still
dominate the little stage, if the
actual must be before the eyes, & the

all the cardtricks,
all their supposed
intimacies, are

With powder, clatter

35

Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend,
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite
Wills us to wear ourselves & never rest —

And yet the tragic emotion is brooding over this
Crude & trampling uproar: over the multitude
confusion & splendour. Are we not embarked upon a
time of tragedy? Do we not foretell the
approaching downfall? With tremendous blows
the mercy of the Kneeling King, the pride of the
rampant Emperor is struck. And they,
as if the heat burning at one moment
released heavy from the furnace where
pour of their heavy & splendour we hear:

This acting keeping somehow a break in the
rhythm: a sign that the ~~actor~~ dramatist
is separating from the anonymous play maker:
a sign that there is as yet no like
language: so that he cannot amalgamate
glide naturally: from the declaim from
rhetoric, & speak, ~~with~~ simply.
Marlowe was swept away by his characters.
For, the audience, the rhythm-shapen soldiers, alight,
Crowding to the stage, & ~~spurred~~ .. but movement,
~~spur~~ inspired not replete, but still
~~man~~, as given. ~~is~~ The play is still
partly the work of the audience: of the
undifferentiated mass. It is not yet a
separate birth. The inspired of the common
voice, demanding great names, many
multitudes, a whole clamour &
strife, not reflection, not the ~~brooding~~
subtlety of one soul. an orgy, a
rhapsody, a splendid general statement.

Our souls are still the souls of men;
& so he made statesmen - fully out of place.

bodies must move violently, killing, kissing, going to bed,
there are
killing, kissing, going to bed, adultery must still
be the staple of the play; but the staple
of the ~~play~~ is the ~~staple~~ there must be
action: murder: violence: adultery. But by degrees
the dramatist is freeing himself from the stage.
He is adding to his resources. There are
His limits ~~are still oppressive. There~~
is

And by degrees the dramatist sheds his
anonymity. He separates himself from his audience.
He wins a freedom. ~~though the stage exacts~~
writes ~~one~~ in an ~~aside~~, ~~to the~~ to
~~He~~ He wins the right sometimes to pause, in an
aside, sometimes to divert the mind from what
happens, to the motives, ~~the hidden passions~~.
behind the action. What, he broods, was
the woman killed with kindness, & is the
effect of mercy? – if the sword is withheld
& the adulterers are confronted not with death,
but with a pretty sentence? –

~~And by degrees~~ ~~But~~ the play has still
its ~~drag~~ the ~~the~~ compulsion of ~~what~~ the
of the plot. It still But ~~here the reader~~
At some such point the reader is born:
the ~~close com~~ ~~agony~~ dramatist's close
companion: ~~the detached~~ the reader, the
human being who writes. So by degrees,
the reader too loses anonymity. the
reading ~~the~~ As the plays come
faster & faster, as the curtain rises
yet again & again – upon Marlowe, Kyd,
Heywood, Marston, Tourneur – the

every life, compulsive, ~~beat~~ ~~breaking behind~~ And the
monstrous imagery, the wind & surge, still blow out
the speeches even in the printed book.
~~Moreover~~ · ~~The~~ Verse is crude. The poet is anonymous.
~~Their~~ ~~And yet what a~~ all is now spoken by .
each actor. There are no abstractions.
All ~~is realised~~: the pomp, & the march & the
great swollen figures; ~~as it~~. Nothing is left
lurking in the shades. ~~Still~~ ~~Even~~ The figures are
palpable, coloured, strident. Is it
something has set in motion, not knights & ladies,
but the crude, jagged outlines of real
men. ~~Confor~~ There is a bombast & a splendour -
the great painted wings of their forgotten kings
are as little damp, or crude. Laughter,
like great moths brushing the - cyclamen:
~~Ants~~ This monstrous, alive: resonant.
And the great names clash like brass.
Vigour ~~a Crudity~~ - No one is delicately
delineated. There is no shadow: but
all is good & simple. And yet,
the currency, the triumph, fill the world: the
absurd, the hyperbole: this a mood, a
splendid rhapsody: ~~folded~~ blown like a
rich poets, withholding, an upheaving; but
yet, - for there is no genius, no thinking;
suddenly, in the stress of emotion, a
another & gets for all its stridency, its
pomp, all the beggarly splendour, how
the poet can cut a gash in the fabric:

So poets say aloud.
And he a pretty boy to be a poet -
Could he stop, he would utter. But there is no
pause, no shade - on he prances. The [illegible]

reader ~~portrait~~ becomes ~~more~~ differentiated,
17th century; an author; an author that is, as a ~~great~~
world in which this is relevant, that not.
He chooses; discriminates. ~~It is not~~ And
the reader becomes keenly aware
that there are ~~not~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ in the
literature certain curiosities, things that
explain, that it may be, light up the
field, give meaning to the hour; curiosities;
knick knacks: but also, ~~the~~ ~~s~~
what we recognise ~~as~~ true. There are
people — whatever we mean when, by some
pattern of words, ~~the~~ but at other times, as
the great plays emerge out of the mist,
something that comes back to mind, in the
watches of the night: words that come to our
lips. ~~Here we are in sight~~ of that
we are coming into the current which is to
sweep aside the antiquary, which is to
crush ~~open the~~
The reader indeed is soon to be obliterated.
This one of the ~~delight~~ lures of the Elizabethan
that they remove the seer, the hearer, the actor in us.
~~It keeps~~ ~~Our anonymous~~ At some point — it
differs from age to age — the reader is born;
for ~~in the~~ ~~And anonymity~~
But ~~whatever have~~ anonymity is a great boon.
It ~~has made one~~ is a great possession —
a ~~stage that has~~ no writer the Elizabethan stage:
~~the~~ has kept the Eln Drama vigorous:
unattached; it has given it a general rule
vitality; a lack of personality; as
if all the names of the 17th century had been
cut away from D. & J. & J.C. & the B.
as if we could skip the lives; the THAN
gossip: ~~the~~ ~~are~~ a medley, a bareness,

It was at half past two in the afternoon, that the trumpets sounded & the flag went up ~~on the~~ & the ~~audience, paid their~~ audience assembled. The playhouse was open to the sky. ~~The audience paid a penny or twopence. They crowd the~~ The playhouse was the walls were painted: there was no scenery; but the players were richly dressed, according to one spectator, in the cast off robes of the nobles sold to their servants. For a penny ~~the apprentices & rest~~ audience could see Tamburlaine: the trumpets sounded; the wherries Crossed the river was ~~busy~~ crowded with wherries bring the audience across. ~~There the~~ What of ~~the pit~~ what other amusement was there for the ~~Captains and the~~ gentlemen of the Court, the Inns of Court, & the number of Captains & soldiers about London — only 'of any, following of harlots drinking — 'unless they were ferried over the river to see the play.' The audience came from the crowded, fetid little streets, round St Pauls. The ~~trumpets sounded~~; they paid a penny or two pence they clambered round the stage; & then the curtain rose, & they feasted — after all their centuries of abstracts, they ~~upon the~~ [illegible] upon ~~[illegible]~~ a Tamburlaine. hear

Brother Cosroe, I find myself aggrieved,
Yet insufficient to express the same;
For it requires a great & thundering speech.

The silence is broken: at last the voice speaks. It.
~~Th~~ ~~It~~ The Kings & Emperors are on the stage.
The world is made visible ~~The~~
Fix us. It is a play fanned by some extraordinary breath into being — an hyperbole, a marker: at last, there is

so that we forget something in ourselves when we
read it. ~~but~~ It gives us another being.
Only, as the unknown man, who, the said once
heard horses at the door, becomes more -
more dominant, of whom we fall -
stumble: we ~~have~~ to

Anonymity to give in the ballads: & gave in the songs:
it ~~gave us~~ is a great preservation. To
know nothing except what is essential: to want no
fame fleeing & possessing: ~~but to~~ to be
know nothing - who wrote Lord Ley Lucan -
who wrote Helen Fair - who wrote the
sweets of songs, madrigals. ~~who~~ brought to
tell spring, ~~&~~ love, death. ~~But~~ that
and the stage with its bodies, its actors, bodies.
kept for some time preserved the
anonymous voice. ~~Only~~ Until
when the ~~[illegible]~~ of the age, its hoard of
unexpired passion, the growth of the arch-heads,
of men & women & creatures; pressed so hard on the
dramatist that he invented a speech
that could give voice to everything.
Then, with it, anonymity was destroyed.
Everything is known that can be known: until
the stage becomes too small to act them
Drama: & ~~those~~ the book takes the place of the
stage play.

the mystery of
passion, the
~~[illegible]~~ of the
kept head

Anon, whatever else, has great privileges. He ~~can~~ is irresponsible.
He is not responsible. He is not self-conscious. He is
free from inhibitions. He can adventure in experiment.
He can borrow. He can ~~[illegible]~~ repeat. He can
say what everyone feels: the common experiences
are his. No one asks that he shall be
idiosyncratic: that he shall stamp his ~~own~~
hall mark on the old feelings: He keeps

For ~~a~~ the long poem is ~~lit up~~ luminous, & ~~[illegible]~~ radiant.

~~Yet~~ Spenser standing on the threshold of the great room is half in shadow half in light. He is not ~~a~~ fully realised: He is still anonymous, ~~He~~ in that he does not ~~embody~~ ~~Confine emotions to the~~ Give

is still anonymous, in that he cannot confine emotions within one pair. He must symbolise; [illegible]: Jealousy is not a passion to be spoken; He cannot convey jealousy by ~~the speaking voice. He must~~ ~~make Jealousy an~~ actual words from an actual mouth. He must make jealousy abstract; a symbol. He ~~[illegible]~~ ~~Cannot~~ cannot speak tho' the mouth of the individual: the light is still in shadow yet, the other half of him is in the light. He is aware that the ancient Chance was lost, no England. nor Italy. His is no longer a wandering voice; but the voice of a man preaching an art, asking for recognition, ~~wanting his~~ & bitterly conscious of de' ~~his own~~ ~~that the world~~ of the world's scorn.

[illegible] the common voice. The voice of the English commoner; the mummer, the [illegible], the man at the back door — Spenser had heard it —

When Latimer said

—

And Anon the dramatist also repeats himself. For the audience ~~requires~~ being still part of the play, insists on repetition: it must in order to sit, or stand there, have a story: & as brutality is bold in poetry, it must have action: murder: adultery. The contribution of the audience to the Elizabethan play was unfortunate. The words need not fit the speaker: the absurdity, the ~~intense~~ confusion: no one feels what they say. The emotion is often plastered onto a inappropriate figure: that if one must have violence, how avoid this dislocation.

at a distance from the moment. Nobody cares what his own private experience is. And so the song of Anon repeat over & over again what ~~that~~ gather ye flowers while ye may: Death is coming: Anon is never tired of celebrating the Rose; ~~never~~ & that his mistress is white: he is a repetition, ~~for~~ And since he is content to ~~say~~ so anonymous, we cannot pin him down. We cannot separate him from his song. It has then an anonymous vitality, drawn from other bodies a perennial, common, spring. Nor is he dead in ourselves. The crude early drama still persuades us to read — not to ~~lived~~ for the story. What comes next? The ~~lit~~ ~~dramatist~~ Anon. has little care for the ~~[illegible]~~ so we welcome anonymous, in the early literature.

It is only later, when the pressure of emotion had ~~Ca~~ thrown up words, as the fingers of a the man at the monotype machine cast letters out of the bubbling metal, that we love this quality. to gain —? Everything it seems. For ~~those~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the curtain goes on rising. And now it has seen, in Henry the 5th: then in Midsummer Nights: in Romeo Juliet; in Hamlet & ~~Cleo~~ the Tempest. By that time, there is nothing left unsaid: the ~~whole of~~ ~~this~~ ~~to tell~~

The play has killed the stage. The stage has become too small to act this drama. Perhaps, after centuries, the play will renew itself, with Mozart, in the Magic Flute, as with Beethoven in .. It never lived again in England. The book, after that, takes the place of the play. & the Anon is dead for ever.

She stood over there behind that the tree; in a manner [illegible] gnashing her teeth. ~~The action delayed~~ became the action delayed – became every moment the audience slipped further from the noose: ~~The [illegible]~~. Mere – [illegible] What the [illegible] of the [illegible] a flea in her ear [illegible] [illegible]

Down came her [illegible] like a bolt. Mine. Mine. And the [illegible] legs. [illegible] Cat [illegible]

She watched them sink down beautifully into the – [illegible] For a moment then she dropped her hands.

The Reader

At what point is the reader born? – This
faculty, the power to make such use of print as men, countries,
~~horses~~ & with ~~co~~ pleasure here, & the word &
makes books, & their thoughts, is rare; this is not
exercised on the strips of newspaper. It is never exercised
in great masses of ~~liter~~ the literati. This
distinct from the scholar's gift & the critic's.
~~In them the plays are~~ This is often intensely complex ~~not~~
in itself: for it has to see, to hear; ~~but~~ also it is for ever altering its
It is ~~influenced~~ at the mercy of ~~the time~~ circumstances: depen-
One generation ~~brings out this~~ perceives this in
the printed page; another ~~see~~ that. The
~~The~~ In the early plays – obviously, the reader lies ~~see~~:
~~[illegible]~~ is scarcely in existence. ~~The~~ And
are ~~in the~~ among the audience.
That is one of the attractions of the early plays –.
to be ~~unaware of the~~ that they bring out the
spectator: make an appeal to the body:
are so visible, palpable, audible. to crude:
They ~~have the frailty~~ of They need to be read in the company.
company. They are the product of the
~~If we~~ To at ~~their best~~ They have the
rush & the tumult of The body is
always palpable in them. ~~The humour is~~
At ~~some point~~ the And ~~yet~~,
~~Yet there is~~ What But
~~But the modern~~ reader has to ~~read just lonely~~.
But the reader/ is also ~~possessed of~~ ~~an~~ Another someone who
senses ~~besides the~~ the ~~power~~ there
connects. But, to the modern reader, there
Much that is derived of the presence of the body
on the stage. ~~This~~ An ~~embodiment~~
The But at some point there comes a
break. The ~~playwright is~~ There is a
point when the playwright is has

Shakespeare surely heard the voice of the mummers. He
was present, it may be, at the pageant wh.
was acted before the Queen at Kenilworth.
He saw the players dressed in green.
~~It~~ For Time had made the peasant, probably
the Earth in her own guise, a [illegible].
[illegible] from the past. The old superstitions
were so harmless that the Q. was
amused at their revival. But even while
Shakespeare looked at this ~~fantastic~~ revival,
~~while he~~ the ~~stage was being~~
theatre was being built, upon which
the old ~~[illegible]~~ the mummers were to act
not Robin Hood, not Game for the sophisticated
acting pageantry to a sophisticated
audience, but Faust, Tamburlaine, the
Spanish Tragedy, & Hamlet, Lear,
Antony & Cleopatra

absorbed what the audience can give him: &
has consumed it; & expresses his own version after
the audience. There is a point when the
single figure emerges: & it gets absorbedly
all that the audience cd contribute.
The author became its separate, & could
~~suppose~~ give back to the audience their
general contribution theatricalised. And yet
were one of the immense advantages of the Eliz
age, ~~the author~~ there was no gap between
the ~~[illegible]~~ two. ~~It is~~ the ~~author~~ There is a
moment when the audience sees itself given back;
separate; created. & is no longer the master of the
playwright: yet is not separate from him.
a kind of common life & ~~still~~ unites them.
It is then that we begin to act ~~the~~
read: then that we bring into play ~~the~~ all our
~~whole~~ ~~[illegible]~~ resources: ~~then~~ when the
~~the~~ figure on the stage is able at last to
~~of~~ ~~express~~ speak in person: when the words are
individual; & the whole fabric is the particular figure
& yet the particular figure is the intensification
~~This is~~ ~~This~~ This extraordinary ~~intensification~~ a passage that
comes fitfully: we note
at plots though Marlowe:
~~seems~~ ~~[illegible]~~ It is in the Revenger's Tragedy. It is in
in words like Heywood's: Oh God. fie. the
or ~~in~~ the & of Webster finally in
metal is ~~fixed~~: we have Lear, Light;
But ~~besides this~~, Beyond
Every where
The reader then extracts certain passages: for
their intensity: for their language. The
But beyond this there is also the
relation of part to part. This ranging
~~Comtr~~ order, is often abbreviated. The balance
is imperfect. The drag of the audience is too

THAN

Looking at them from a distance. he sees them pictorially

~~He froze~~ ~~He holds the~~ It holds the surrounding
interest. Its realism [illegible] a change. And
again, he has the painter's eye. Now like
the eye which grasps the figures, wh. loves
them with the flowers & the behind them
marble pillars, & [illegible] with light [illegible],
There is no [illegible]; but always movement. No
light ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible], [illegible] but ups, but a
Great Manuscripts [illegible]. ~~a~~ [illegible]

~~It~~ ~~Still there the [illegible]~~
But still there is something anonymous about
Chaucer. He ~~must stand out~~ cannot
confine his qualities in [illegible]: they are
symbolic. Its Externalism: ~~its~~
Embodies [illegible], not in one man, but gives it a
separate, a symbolic Experience. ~~Still~~ the
He still pays ~~[illegible]~~ ignores [illegible], the
high mind. The individual. He must
And at the same time, forces are at work
that are forcing the heart to be conscious of
[illegible], as a separate individual; a man
who ~~[illegible]~~ is giving something to the world: who
asks something: but ~~to~~ who is conscious of this
world's scorn & neglect.
More is the artist then aware of his heart.
In Chaucer we not nor Langland, nor
Malory. He is becoming separate:
[illegible]: ~~Not at~~ his [illegible];
No longer a [illegible] voice. but [illegible].
~~When he~~
He is ~~[illegible] [illegible]~~ ~~And [illegible]~~
~~A~~ ~~When~~

He was then the first self conscious heart.
The first real poet. And lightly, poetry
might have continued to be a book read aloud
by the [illegible] where just [illegible], were had it
not been for the other voice - the voice of the
[illegible] [illegible] - Romantically [illegible]. When

12

19

too powerful, in play after play: it creates improvisation;
Crowd; confusion. a sense of waste; how
profuse; how barren. ~~The~~ The
character is violently ~~exposed; a~~ in the wrong
proportion; bound to the wheel of the plot.
And apparently ~~the lack of cutting makes~~ this
anonymous playwright is irresponsible in the wrong sense.
He blotts his words out; has no audience;
defence? We are left at the end without
~~And~~ so much of the
~~But~~ an end.
Emotion is wasted.

~~All this of waste leads up to the~~
This then, in reading rapidly through a handful of the
early plays, that

~~Exactly what problems had to~~
If, however, we scramble the plays together,
taking them ~~as a~~ not so much as separate
creations, but as a we can unite them
not separately, but as a ~~great~~ composite
experiment: as the common effort to rescue of
~~under~~ empire on their immense Shre. becomes
emotion; ~~a~~ an expression; which in
at last finished; when ~~at its~~ that thrashed,
it ~~has been~~ then has been fused, which
when the as a repeated experiment: which
serves its ~~purpose~~ at last, with Shre. In cases.
Only it ~~the silence~~. The workshop is
without laws. There is no comment.
We are left then to read fitfully; undisciplined:
without direction. Unless indeed we see the
boiling cauldron of these plays: & an anon
that the nameless, uncommonly workers were
somehow all aspiring toward
unconsciously, towards Shre. And
the Father who Ascends ~~was~~ & the Baconian
were also prime weight — their

to disengage the song from its encumbrances welcomes as time goes on a dark further critic — that the really equipped reader who was not yet in existence when Chaucer emerged ~~at last~~ partially at least from the depths of anonymity.

But ~~he had the past~~ behind him. For why a — For why a good name, he exclaims, may not we as else the Greeks have the kingdom of our own language?

To be thus aware of his language, its possibilities, the writer must have the past behind him. So Hence the golden age ~~was~~ of English was Chaucer.

But ~~then~~

Behind him too is the ~~Morte darthur.~~ The world is the old world of the Morte d'Arthur. But he has knights ladies, dwarfs giants. ~~Therefore~~ ceased to believe in giants. They ~~have gone~~ # He no longer believes, as the nobleman in 1470 that King Arthur was a real man. Thus his poem lacks the reality of the Morte d'Arthur. ~~When not the~~ We cannot see as ~~Malory saw the~~ : when Malory sees sharply & distinctly: Spenser sees at a distance: he sees with insight, with vision; but not with belief. ~~There is no sense of~~ He cannot the figures ~~for~~ pass at a distance. They do not We cannot make us believe; he cannot There is no sharpness in the figures of the Fairy Queen: no veins no ~~blood~~ edge: none of that rich eloquence: ~~come~~ from ~~the~~ belief. On the other the reality which comes from Malory cannot, the haunt he throws in an world surrounding world. His vision but holds is not fixed on the figure: so that often love the ~~the~~ move.

within

longing for release from silence.. so that at last the
most scraps found. & the weight of the pen, & the
heavy pressure of the present formed under her hand into
those ten experiences wh. is still
days more than has ever been said since.

~~How we~~
But how much is due to the 1st stage, how much to the
accident, how much to silence ~~study~~
~~Load~~

We cannot hear them talking. The sound of the
lips ~~as we hear~~ They stand ceremonially
lingeringly in ~~that angular stiffness~~:
1— the stiffness of the robe. There is no [illegible]
familiar [illegible] — who lay there as
G. wish to be seen the admonitor, the
Church — She is a preacher addressing [illegible]
subordinates. ~~The~~ ~~the~~ Fear of God.
fear of man would be seen the water of [illegible].
They ~~are~~ Again, we cannot hear the
voice they heard — the voice of the [illegible], of the
[illegible]. Nor can we see the paths there led
to the well & the tree. There is an absolute
[illegible] — a [illegible] path of scenery, ~~but~~
a fantastic ~~hut~~ in wh. the [illegible],
~~set like~~ painted images. ~~[illegible]~~ without — air
atmosphere, distant. There is no
medium between the white & the scarlet, the
ebony & the gold. Bright contrasted colour
meet in the faces; there ~~is no medium~~
carnation & snow. ebony & gold. There is no
natural medium complexion.
The artist then must be a poet.— For
what families [illegible] are written in —

The reader's faculty is a queer one. He has the power to make
hear a counter [illegible] ~~as~~ through the printed page; men –
women, & their emotions & thoughts; ~~He has~~ also the more
~~the sense~~ of the borders, a sense of ~~their~~ relations; whether
the emotion contradicts, or dissipates. ~~And~~ And he is
[illegible] limited by his time. What is visible to one
generation, is lost to another. He is ~~not interested~~ in
~~language~~ texts. He ~~does not fear~~ He is not a scholar; [illegible]
lacks many of the critic's tools. ~~And~~ And yet, ~~with all~~
And yet he is a [illegible] points another faculty than the literate
newspaper reader. ~~And~~ one that millions of the literate This [illegible]
are without. Often he is himself a writer
having a queer age of vision. ~~The~~ And he is,
sensitive to a voice that becomes increasingly audible –
~~It seemed~~ for ~~a~~ ~~moment~~; Now & again there to be
heard even in the 16th century: ~~Even~~ the
Even in the 16th century, when the stage, among
other influences, was hostile to the personality – so
~~that~~ & for the obvious reason that the body of the
actor that plays so great a part in the world.
The body is there visible: there is a great
opposition to it — the [illegible].
When the body of the actor is visible, with all its
implications; there is ~~still~~ force ~~that~~ destroys
some of the elements wh. the reader extracts fr. the
printed page. [illegible] this is the reason, perhaps, why
we do not 'know' Marlow. Dekker, Tourneur, Ford.
no scholar with even [illegible] discover them. What we
have of them is what it was possible for their
actors to ~~convey~~. A ~~generalised tendency~~.
For the particular ~~we must wait for the~~ stage to
~~But~~ To ~~find this~~ To ~~put this theory~~ And
This knowledge of of the author is ~~an~~ easy
~~And yet if we do not know the~~ Something is
gratified by L. of B. by ~~Burton, Hey~~. Everybody

To Latimer, Robin Hood was a robber a thief. ~~It was~~ He had walked in the shadow of death" till he was 30, but then his eyes were opened, & he saw through ~~the cloud~~ of superstition. ~~that stole obscured the truth.~~ He saw ~~things as they were~~, he saw through the old ~~[illegible]~~, through the old popish preacher, the old pagan custom. He saw England as it, at the moment, in its reality. He was no antiquary. He did not dig in the garden for Roman coin. When he walked in the [illegible] of his garden, a ~~man~~ his men came & said: "Sir there is one that would speak with you". He shut his book, & ~~heart~~ He ~~[illegible]~~ for "the cry of the workman is come up up to my ~~ears~~ "mine ears." The poor Labourers, Gun makers, Powdermen, Bow makers, Arrow makers, Smiths, Carpenters, Souldiers, & other crafts, cry out ... & they be unpaid. So He said

111 [illegible] the [illegible]. He ~~[illegible]~~ would [illegible] great men & [illegible] him still in bed. "They the ~~prelates~~. ~~Thy hawke~~ [illegible] the prelates, "Thy hawks, thy hunt, thy cards, thy dice, thy pastime in thine palaces with gallant gentlemen, with thine dancing minions, & with thine fresh companions.. Standing up before ~~to~~ the King himself he laid bare the state of England. In a voice that startles & [illegible]. speaking the word & when hard pounded the [illegible], he [illegible] to the [illegible] of day.

this make Shr in his own image. Shr is infinitely various.
Shr. changes with every play. That is a good reason
for weeding up [illegible] everything Shr. — that ~~is in order~~ to
it ~~proves~~ ~~If we~~: we cannot ~~tether~~ him; he
~~is~~ the one of the ~~baffling~~ differently, persistently obliterating
~~nothing~~ ~~left~~ ~~so consumed~~ so consumed innately expressive, that he he
has no separate existence. ~~The [illegible]~~

And when as in Shr. this permits to say lengthy things other
people much, the ~~single~~ person who is saying them is
obliterated. ~~And the reader is not~~ On the one hand
we have the most completely articulate of men:
& at the same time, nobody in particular. This
This this that makes criticism inadequate. The
~~critic tries to impose his own measure~~
& yet criticality. ~~Very few & one at~~ ~~there~~ is this
impossible to read him without feeling his presence:
but To feel always that he is there: & at the
same time that he is somewhere else.
To feel that he is, more than any other poet,
the poet who says the opinion: And every reader
has a dozen methods of catching him. ~~There~~ is
~~the~~ I walk, says one, visualise him: &:
he was free & generous: & if we like to add, that he
middle height with a domed forehead, no one objects.
He certainly walked down Blackfriars: & ate at the
Mermaid. That line soon closes. The other —
which unhesitatingly casts a line round the plays —
cannot succeed. because this is different every time.
Do they show a regular development?
A force of nature? Is there a pinnacle?
Is there a decline? ~~Did the~~ Was the
retirement from bodily fatigue: or from the inadequacy
of the stage? ~~Another method~~ Then his actual
hand upon the letter. And strangest of all, the
doubt. For it seems unthinkable, that a body
should have been the cause

WAN

These are the voices that created republics: the voices of reason, of common sense. By every light, by setting light in the pulpit, the speaker was forging the very weapon that gave the old materials a new lease of life.

Then Harris & Latimer both saw what we can still see, the great Elizabethan home rising over on the remains & foundations of the old. The right word in both of them the same [illegible]: Harris denied the men with him.. Latimer the women. But we ~~see~~ can see the home now, then relent. Steady in it. They cannot cheat. They are the biblical pun. Old King Sun.

The same home very, the home that built on the old foundations the Gt Eliz home.

Further, this he has given currency to so much more
~~many another writer~~, that every one can ~~find~~ match very
humility in Mr. ~~the stolen~~ We ~~have~~ therefore
self ~~to~~ the reader can always extract the
very words that fit himself. In other
books ~~there is~~ ~~this~~ This for this reason
~~that~~ the critic ~~paints him~~ is always
a ~~clenting tho~~ can always find in Mr.
a something that only he can find – his own
idiosyncrasies. Hence the autobiographical
element in Gr. criticism. Each of these explorers
is ~~drawn~~ seen for a moment to sum up. &
then is consumed, the light from it behind him:
this effort which it leaves Mr. always
undiscovered, in the sense that lesser writers are.
summed up because there are such obvious
limits to their power. But it means that
Mr. is ~~possessed of~~ a ~~perpetual source~~ of
perpetual curiosity, an ~~great~~ inexhaustible
fire, still blazing; the appeal to the reader
of Mr. is always alive. ~~This writer to~~ tastes
~~surround him~~ At ~~the~~ ~~And although~~
~~the appetite of the reader is always capricious~~:
He ~~is not, as so many writers are~~, the
He does not, as so many writers do, feed
momentary appetites – the readers who
are [illegible] writers, feel ~~at~~ inexplicable
hungers, for certain styles, for certain forms.
The styles are to remember that he never
serves ~~as a~~ to clear up any particular points he used, when the
essay ~~the~~ He can of course, to use a language
which has gone dry on the pen, of speed.
He can give the general sense of make him
But the [illegible] in the stroke
remarkable, unless. [illegible] the writer as a model.
Then

It was Martin Bucer at Cambridge who opened his eyes, Martin Bucer who went about among the poor & the sick, & finally had a paper set in his hand & was burnt. Whosoever he be, be the preacher will be burnt. Meanwhile he will speak the truth: he will speak in English. He will speak in a word that the poor, the simple can understand, in their own tongue. There was the preacher then, saying the Lord's Prayer ~~at too~~ at the beginning & the end of every sermon, who beat English into the highest ideas. not ~~indeed~~ While denying all mental & manners, he ~~got~~ was yet fashioning a language for them to use. He was giving a common ~~tongue~~ speech for noble & peasants. ~~But the Just as~~ ~~Harrow Comes~~ Standing on the edge of the new age, he saw the gorgeous buildings rise. He deplored this as Latimer saw them. "Never has there been such building & planting" he said. Never had there been such ... Never such splendour, such poverty. "There never was such building then, as is now, planting, nor marrying. The wealth that had come from the sale of the monasteries, was not given to Give the money that used to be spent on There be none but now but great men's sons in colleges.

63 It will come to pass that we shall have nothing but a little English divinity, that will bring the realm into a very barbarousness, & utter decay of learning. Give the money "that ye were wont to bestow in pilgrimages, in works, in trentals, in masses, in purgatory matters" to poor men sons so that they may become scholars..

At what point in the Elizabethan drama is the
reader born? At what point do we cease to be
aware of the trumpet & the stage: of the
pressure ~~presence~~ of the audience drawing up the poetry
like a sheet of paper drawing up a fire, &
become detached, reading in a room alone.
The ~~play is~~ ~~The reader came very gradually~~ into
~~Existence~~ The ~~audience was~~ the ~~audience had~~ no
book ~~of the words. They~~ Elizabethan audience
had no ~~book of the~~ words. ~~They had to see the~~
they had to ~~see~~ draw in the play ~~through their ears~~ &
their ~~eyes, by & they~~ as they sat ~~there~~; they could not skip. ~~which~~
or stood in the Playhouse; they could not
revive the impression, ~~dape it, fetter it~~ by
reading ~~in private~~ the words in print ~~private~~. ~~Hence~~.
And ~~this~~ a ~~fact which~~ this accounts perhaps for
its
the general nature of Elizabethan criticism:
~~for it~~ its lack of detail, its lack of ~~the~~
~~verbal~~ verbal criticism. ~~What~~ ~~Behind the~~
the ~~spoken~~ & & & for ~~the general terms~~
It accounts too for the ~~delay~~ slow long
~~delay in~~ ~~marked pause in~~ suspense; ~~in~~
Even ~~of Shakespeare fame~~. long pause, when
Even Shakespeare's fame seem to have hung suspended in
unrealised, in the air ~~then, when the plays~~ were
printed, that ~~the reader was~~ born: &
there sprung up, from the detailed
first examination, the discovery of much that was
~~lost~~ lost in the playhouse, & found in the private
room.

Now of course, the reader ~~has~~ reading
faculty has become so highly developed
that we have lost a great deal: as much as we have ~~that was~~
then we have lost the sound of the spoken
word: we have lost ~~the~~ all that the
body of the actor gives. We have lost the

TMAN

saw the present moment in all its crudity. He
~~saw the~~ was no antiquary. ~~He knew what he~~
He had been His eyes were open as he rode from
farm to farm to what was actually in existence.
He saw poverty: he saw the peasant ~~suff~~
unable to buy a gown. He saw the nobles
enclosing the fields. He saw the great man lying
late in bed, with his hawks & his hunters, & the
poor man waiting hour after hour to bring his
case before him. He saw the great ladies
wearing Vandyzalls & puffing their hair out in
tussocks. And what he saw in the
roads, in the fields, in the homes, he
described in a voice that stumbles & stutters &
cannot keep to the theme; for he is
enraged by what he sees. This was the voice of
the new Learning. As he walked in the
C. ing C. Garden, looking in my books —
"I cannot go long looking, for poor folks
come unto me, praying me that I will
speak so that their matter may be heard
If he tries to read in the C. of C. Garden,
the poor come knocking at the gate, & the man
says, "See there is someone at the gate lord
speak with ye ..." And so
not using his small
faculties, ~~out~~
he puts before the jog thing the state of
England at the very moment!
To him the ~~old England is no bo~~ this the
preacher who wants the ~~parson~~ farmer; the
for ~~he saw~~ upon them the light of the new
knowledge. He ~~also~~ knows what he
is saying. for he too, until he was thirty
"walked in the shadow of death":
He too had, ~~taken~~ believed in the old
superstition. But since ~~But~~

sense of being part of the audience: we ~~cannot to~~ miss a thousand ~~hints that were~~ shades that the ~~play~~ dramatist brought out in by inflection, gesture, play grouping. Anybody competent can ~~test~~ this by comparing the ~~impression~~ after seeing the Dr. acted, & after reading the play. ~~But~~ as the modern actor inevitably imports much that is foreign to them. There is still an ~~a gap~~ ~~an~~ a dead, un loss: ~~an~~ something quite beyond recall.

That the damage inflicted on the early plays by reading them only is very great. The reader instinctively tries, ~~for example~~, in reading to be there in person at the play. He ~~instinctively~~ imagines the trumpets on the stage: the [illegible] of the citizen & apprentices. He does what he can to supply what is so obviously a part of ~~He~~ Gammer Gurton Needle, ~~of a woman kitted~~ the play. At some point in the drama, however, the reader is born. There are scenes or speeches that call upon his ~~[illegible]~~ the real faculty. ~~It is~~ When the dramatist becomes conscious of play as a work of art, when there is ~~a connection between~~ the scenes, ~~when~~ we can still ~~feel the~~ ~~presenting~~ connecting them not because the plot drives him ~~to~~ forward but because he has another unity in mind, .. it is this apprehension ~~that~~ ~~transform the~~ brings the ~~reader into~~ this this apprehension that ~~draws the~~ focusses ~~the~~ within those faculties which are the readers.

But he is perpetually baffled. He is apt to become not a student, not a reader: a scientist collecting the bones of an extinct animal.

The ~~reader's faculty~~ To write the life of the reader from ~~Elizabeth~~ for the past three hundred years: to discover at what point his ear lost its acuteness: when his eyes became dull; when, to balance their loss, he became more conscious, ~~when time supplied~~ conscious of the suggestions & echoes; & , as time passed, added

the preacher, the man who went from town to
town ~~among the~~ Peasantly living, ~~among~~ among the peasants. &
the nobles heard them & the Word roused his
fury. Latimer, 'riding on a journey homeward
from London" going to preach, in the Church,
found the Church door fast locked.
'And one of the parish comes to me & said:
Sir this is a busy day with us, we cannot
hear you, this Robin Hood's day. The
parish are gone abroad to gather for
Robin hood, .. I was fain there to give
place to R H: I thought my Rochet would
have been regarded, tho' I were not: but it
would not serve, it was fain to give place to
Robin hood's men. It is no laughing matter
my friends, this a weeping matter, a heavy
matter, a heavy matter, . . .
This the preacher who shows us the
~~living body by the~~ lightly peasant, ~~whose~~
still ~~honouring the pagan Gods~~.: still
honouring the old gods: still immersed in
superstition. The preacher superstition
~~Gods~~ ~~It was the preacher~~ who
~~Killed~~ Then is the power that went
up & down England Latimer was no
chronicler of times past. To Latimer the old
dreams games, the old ~~gods~~ Latimer,
going up & down England, saw the peasants as he
is now at this moment, in King Edward Sixth's
reign in 1549. He saw the peasant
still ~~honouring old superstition~~, going on
pilgrimage, setting up candles, worshipping
saints bones. ~~The big~~ He ~~saw the~~ There was
no heathen, no heathenly superstition &
corruption in those ancient games. He

~~what partake~~ much that was unintended by the writer –
Or how we so often enjoy the associations
that are suggested by old spelling. Even,
the contrast that an unfamiliar use of
words ~~suggest~~ suggests between ~~one age &~~
a past age & our own – ~~all~~ this
And further, as the ~~habit of~~ reading becomes
habitual, ~~the faculty~~ a universal faculty
~~it~~ there ~~are~~ it loses consciousness,
as we see that dogs develop a road sense,
& again, there are specialised readers, who
root tremendously develop the power of drawing
out ~~the~~ drawing out the meaning of words.
& again – there exists off the other
very large class of perfectly literate people who
who though they ~~consume~~ run their eye over miles
of print daily never read a word

But then comes that the [illegible] [illegible], which was to [illegible] to kill [illegible], ~~was the~~ preserved him. This [illegible] we have the [illegible]. That we keep the of [illegible] of [illegible] that lay deep [illegible] in the [illegible]. The legend was still [illegible] when the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for all the dream word that was about to fade under the [illegible] of the ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible].

The greater work was of the writer only is known. Mostly is not [illegible] from the [illegible]. The [illegible] is still the voice of [illegible] [illegible] to the dreaming mind of [illegible].

Cautious [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] words. then a new writer [illegible], [illegible]; nothing [illegible] added. [illegible] of the dream the legend [illegible]. After that [illegible] the audience [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. After that, we have the individual; the man who looks back; who was the first agent of the spirit.

There is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of R. in his [illegible]. ~~It~~ Then old stories are to him older. [illegible] born. They

~~Letter. Comment~~

If you have read this "battle a imperfect sketch, with its
exaggeration, its foreshortenings, ~~you will complain~~ 1
will. ~~come to you~~ ~~Genres~~, you will complain;
~~as~~ the there is nothing here ~~to~~ ~~which leaves out~~
the ~~story~~ which ~~Gives~~ ~~a~~ & the a
with ~~Justice~~. ~~For the~~ ~~Madden to~~. &
~~their~~ ~~Plans~~ — a naked attempt to point at
at, St Pauls. Westminster Abbey & the Tower of
London ~~a~~ to a visitor from the country.
The ~~What we wish now attempt then is~~
~~Eyes~~ we wish now ~~attempt~~ try them to look at
these famous monuments - from another angle.
to ~~wander to for a moment, to free from~~
free ~~from dates~~, ~~Let us~~ free ~~& another~~ from
dates, free from the eyes of Professor Bush, who .
by years of work in Mycenae, has established
the probability - they no more - that Meredith
had ~~a~~ hand in the Rossyn Tragedy -
~~the~~ to discover what ~~dream for a moment~~, free
~~from dates~~ ourselves for a moment from
the ~~tyranny of dates~~, & ~~from the~~
~~It is~~ : ~~the~~ Let us try them to look
at these famous monuments from another angle:
to change ~~see~~ to the other ~~side~~ of the hollow; to
discuss ~~& whether~~ some of the difficulties, the
of ~~But to~~ there is always
something ~~unreal in~~ literary criticism.
There is always an unreality in such
literary criticism, something stiff &
unnatural in the critic's pose. It
~~would~~ ~~as~~ 6 ~~It it is his~~ the
He has in the first place, to - to

he was ribald; he was often obscene. It is Anon
But ~~when the~~ It ~~was strange~~
During the silent centuries, before the book was printed,
his is the only voice that was to be heard in
England. ~~The~~ [illegible] It ~~was a~~ Save for some
few [illegible] [illegible] the back door, the
English nightingale in desert roads, a race of [illegible]
wooden priests, who left behind them stone hewn,
cultivated fruit, a Great Church but no word.
Yet, during all these centuries,
~~It was the~~ certain students tell us, Anon was alive also ~~silent~~. It was
It was he who gave voice to the old stories, who
~~formed the~~ when he came to the back door
incited the peasants to put off their workaday
clothes and to dress themselves in green leaves, to
take swords in their hands, to enact [illegible] the
old pagan beliefs which ~~he~~ ~~state~~ the
Englishman had not crushed. If we could see the
village as it was before Chaucer time we
should see tracks across the fields leading from the
manor house to the farm to the cottage, to the
hovel. The paths were worn, given by the
woodman, and by the labourer. They must
forget by the [illegible] they were not to be
conquered by man, or by nature. That
connection, as time goes on, is painfully
increasingly recorded in old papers, and
Anon lived. It made her shake the

If ~~he wishes to.~~ ~~He is [illegible]~~;

To do this we must ~~bid farewell to~~ ~~sink down,~~
~~beyond the reach of~~

~~This time that another attitude~~ ~~The~~
The ~~unreality is perhaps due~~

Suppose that for a moment we cease to concern ourselves ~~with the sequence in time~~; there is another way of looking at these famous monuments.

The critic, we must admit, is ~~a~~ one of the least real of writers; the most inhibited the most restricted. of writers ~~On the one hand~~. Suppose he ~~attempts to convey his own impression~~ –
~~To give his emotion some warmth to his reason.~~
The ~~presence~~

This rather an imperfect sketch ~~leaves~~ requires to be

You will complain that this rather imperfect sketch has shown you nothing of the real forces behind ~~this~~ ~~th~~ these famous monuments. Let us for a moment then look at them from a different angle.

The charge of yours ~~It is~~ a charge that can be levelled against all our criticism. ~~For though the reader who~~
For ~~the critic has~~ no sooner has the pen touched the page, than there rise up so many ~~of these~~ influences which are hostile to the transmission of the emotion

Then when the house was built, & roads, ~~[illegible]~~ often
flooded, often deep in mud, led ~~to~~ from house to house,
~~Anon came~~ along the roads, came the minstrels, the
jugglers, the singers, bear leaders, singing their crude
songs at the back door, to the farm hands & the
men servants, in the uncouth jargon ~~of the~~ the native lingo
English. Upstairs ~~they talked French.~~
[illegible] were
Upstairs they spoke French. The ~~native singer was~~ He had no
man at the back door was despised. He had no
name, no station. ~~Yet even the kings & Queens~~ He was
must ~~have their singers, their actor~~
a ~~jester, a clown~~. ~~Perhaps~~ But even the kings &
Queens must have their minstrel; even if they
despised him, they tolerated him, as we tolerate
those who say out loud what we think, but with
And admit. They ~~[illegible]~~ let the outsider
privilege, to say by mocking the ~~[illegible]~~, the
to comment; to He ~~two was~~ the to us
from the outside. He ~~proceeded to the~~ old
~~stories. He to~~ As ~~time~~ went on. he
He put into words the things that were
remembered — the ~~old legends; the old~~ he
~~done~~. ~~made the peasants to~~ As time
went on, & the more houses were
grouped together ~~round a church~~, he
& the church stood in the midst, he
was to be found acting in the church:
~~be~~ & then, when ~~his~~ as his acting
became more & more ~~defiant~~ as he acted
~~heavily~~ a more & more secular part, he
left the church, acted in the churchyard,
& was at last admitted to the
market place. But he was
~~The scholars~~ ~~knew~~ His ~~songs were unwritten~~.
nameless

~~You will say that there is~~ no ~~inducements is given you~~
to ~~believe that the is the~~

For a moment let us change the ~~angle~~. Let us
discuss the difficulties of criticism. In the
~~first place~~ one of the greatest is that ~~we~~
~~cannot explain the instinct~~ that the ~~critic~~ is
mere act of criti~~cism~~ ~~the creation of a~~
~~all~~ writing is attended with great drawbacks.
It is perpetually interrupted. It is overshadowed.
It is impossible to

Let us then attempt what for one long moment
~~that~~ very dangerous transition: from one
attitude of mind to another. In ~~this case~~
from the omniscient to the fallible. It is
to admit in the first place, that the
~~since~~ we cannot long leave the creative
impulse, save by giving expression to it
ourselves. Then, ~~the true therefore when we~~
~~talk of the plays of~~ And as everybody
knows who has written even a short story
the creative instinct is only to be stated in its
own terms. If ~~then we want to convey~~
~~any notion~~ ~~to~~ ~~talk~~ It is undeniable
that the creation of a work of art by some one else
produces ~~something~~ an emotion in us.
And the origin of criticism is the desire ~~to~~ in
the ~~first place~~ to transmit this emotion,
& then to explain it. The difficulties that
make this an impossible undertaking.
Take, for a simple instance, the quotation.
then In order to copy out even one stanza of a
play, it is necessary to open at the right
page then to copy accurately. This
at once breaks the stream of thought. Besides,
there is always present the other critic —
Let us see him in person — a for ever

Anon

Anon ~~Died~~ . . died about 1477. It was the printed book that killed him. ~~Yet~~ at first, the printed ~~book~~ [illegible] that the song was

The 15th C.

Then the house is built; & the owner — a clergyman; looks back. He ~~looks back~~ [illegible] has drawn the blue veil over the [illegible]. He has time to think about the [illegible] in the [illegible] of the passage. He

Anon is [illegible]

all ~~things~~

~~Then as~~ When the house is built, Anon stops at the back door. He [illegible] [illegible] they [illegible]; [illegible] has ~~seen~~ gone down into the kitchen into the [illegible]. He sings as [illegible] [illegible] . . He sings to [illegible]-maid. He tells them what they have heard already.

8 But save for this voice; the [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] voice. [illegible] further [illegible] [illegible] Chaucer & by [illegible] the English might be a [illegible] voice; to

7 The historian [illegible] the [illegible] in the Jingle. the [illegible] & the actor.

Then ~~the pr~~ . ~~Then a [illegible]~~ Anon is still the only articulate voice.

~~But Also~~

The house however becomes more — more comfortable. At last we see someone in the house. [illegible] in [illegible] . . . And the [illegible] of the house is [illegible] in Elizabethan.

The printing Press had come [illegible] the [illegible] press that preserves the [illegible] word.

so many years, he has not been later than nine at the Museum. Or, his lectures have been so regular that one cd find him at his place at the reading desk at ~~six~~ seven every Monday. ~~It is st~~. There is no need to discuss the effect of that prohibition. If we could trace all this, we should have to sink into a very dusky layer of the mind. To be able to put down the book or the paper & the pen. to ~~dis~~ free ourselves entirely from the subservience to the past. to free ourselves from all the impositions of authority & the dominion of what is customary.
~~How glad~~ to say openly, that there is nothing ~~doing. There is~~ to ~~skip~~ [illegible]
All these are, ~~dim~~ forces that diminish, distort.
The ~~fact is that~~ ~~It is would be~~
There ~~remains~~ ~~to~~

Let us ~~say then that~~ try then to recapture some actual experience, which seems to have a connection, ~~though a different one,~~ with the experience of reading these old books: to spring from poetry; to be interfused with the same emotion.
Let ~~us forget.~~ ~~For few~~

~~Whether the bus still runs,~~
The number 18 still runs, let us take it, when the evening time is at hand, down to London Bridge. There is a curious mell in this heart of the world, of hopes, of energies; & also a curious confraternity. A woman ~~frey~~ one may hardly a man from the other. ~~The shouted word~~ [illegible] Here there is no differentiation.
The streets are drab enough. The river has a great & turbulent swollen stream. The cranes are picking sacks from the holds of ships. There is a

book loved the story of Arthur.

Then, the instinct to enact, to impersonate, what they ~~se~~ heard came into being. Even the King & Queen must have their minstrels to give shape to their hidden instincts. The actor was despised: ~~thus~~ for he displayed his body: also, because, feeling himself an outcast, he used the outsiders privilege ~~to~~ of irresponsible mockery. Yet just as we tolerate those who say what we are too proud to admit, the minstrel was tolerated. Even the churchmen, aware that ~~the~~ other gods than his were being worshipped, ~~we~~ could not suppress the actor. When he was no longer of any use, they constrained the juggler & the dancer to put off their leaves & their bells & to robe themselves as the personages in a miracle play. But when the old ~~fab~~ story religious story was stale, they ~~both~~ played in the churchyard, & at last set up their pageant in the market place.

The Churchmen loathed him.

Spenser, she said, was ~~a~~ with among the audience at one of those old pageants.

~~He noted~~

And after her came jolly June arrayed

~~arrayed~~ All in greene leaves, as he a player were.

things that grow beneath the warehouses; & St Pauls rises. The jetties are drooping; & some small boys paddle in the pebbles. Above the sky is huddled & crowded with purple streamers. We are still thinking of the plays, because it was here that the Globe stood. Now letters give way to the ~~fr~~ imagination. ~~Cutting~~ all what ~~are four hundred years~~. ~~We can~~ ~~What~~ The roar & the chaos; the grind of wheels: the general distraction: all this bred a great desire for statement. Such was one of the elements in the drama. Another, the language. ~~In~~ There is the unwritten poem. In this disorder, the sound the difficulty of keeping away from the statement. a roar, a general incoherence. the pressure of life, a gesture: some saying: an attitude. In us leaning over the river, lounging in some alley; there was the curious nameless desire to express — ~~but how~~

the ~~more heightened the more need of poetry~~ ~~Who is there~~

~~It~~ This is especially important, to the understanding of the poem, ~~to~~ not to read straight. to dip in & again into the inchoate. & to talk, with many elisions, much left out.

This is particularly true today, when the economic force is cutting the culture into a mental form.

For then we receive the reader — a very important person. ~~The~~ For the reader was born when the playhouse closed.

TWAN

angular, gigantic; freed from something impure; yet old; sin tarnished; corrupt: in the midst of the fresh, innocent landscape, remembering; —
~~pass~~ ~~It~~ To follow the Knights & ladies in this strange pre-historic England is to lose our bearings: to shed many habits of thought; but ~~we~~ after all ~~this~~ it is not an unspoiled fabricated world; it is behind us still, deep down: & savage, primitive, still ~~Existing~~ Enduring

~~But~~ Of the writer, nothing is known. He does not exist apart from his book. This ~~like~~ the anonymous voice speaking anonymously: the voice of a very old yet ~~still~~ still common world, where the story is already known to the listener, ~~where the listener~~ the listener
the voice of an unknown man, who has been travelling in strange lands, & comes to the door, across the marsh, through the flood to remind the noble or the peasant of what he has heard long ago.

In the great house & in the cottage this half articulate anonymous voice murmured of old feuds, & kings & knights & ladies. The well & the tree were still haunted. King Arthur's the foresters tell
XVII that "about noon, or at midnight. When the moon is full & shining, they often see an array of hunters with dogs & sound of horn, who, in answer to the enquirers, say that they are the household & fellowship of Arthur."
Carrying the word from town to town, from one great house to another came the minstrels the rhymers. the jugglers the bear leaders, the makers of ballads. ~~then~~ to write for them who would read it & by its, Caxton

this brittle & imperfect sketch, with its exaggerations & foreshortenings, serves to bring out only the shapes of certain prominent objects; ~~but~~ & to ~~convey~~ ~~that~~ & that perhaps so partially that they are unrecognisable. Its imperfections can best be ~~pointed out~~ by renouncing, for a moment, the critical attitude; & ~~talking~~ ~~for a moment~~ as readers talk for a moment without the book. Let us look at the critical position: & discover why it is so alien to the private position. In the first place, the critic is infallible. But in order to attain this attitude he has to stiffen himself. A more supple method seems needed. If we ~~could~~ return to the age of innocence: if we could talk: if we could even write a letter to a friend about Shakespeare. ~~Indeed the~~ ~~we~~ discover some way of preserving those natural exclamations.

~~Much~~ this, a ~~long time~~ our boredom; our the boredom of books: their the in pressing with which they climb passages: if we could return to the innocent state of innocency: or even & also those clear ringing cries.

But we come, at the end; when so much has been ~~seen~~. so much said so much known: so great a human effort has been expended. In order to provide us with our knowledge, many lives have been passed in total misery: And that the result is apt of no importance, we must respect the effort. A great circle seems separate us from the book. filled with words, yet respectable a reader. ~~Often we~~ ~~E~~

There is London, there is the Archbishop of Canterbury. But at
Merlin casts his enchantments; Morgan le Fay turns herself into
a stone; & ~~the~~ high roads are but Knights are
riding the roads; the roads lead to Castles where
Knights lie imprisoned; ~~the~~ Four Queens pace on white
mules; ~~the~~ a ship with silken sails draws to the
water: ~~the~~ Morgan le Fay turns herself to stone;
the hand rises from the lake holding Excalibur.
~~Is it a child's story?~~ No, ~~for the~~ The
candour is like a child's: yet it is not a
story told to children. There is evil in that world; love; &
of sorrow. The ~~story is one~~ we tell ~~We tell a~~ story that we tell. But
the proportions are different. ~~There is no~~
~~perspective. The~~ It has not our perspective
There is ~~[illegible]~~ ~~catalogue~~ ~~dream~~: The
intensity is very dreamy. ~~Like children, the Kings~~
the catalogue - is made with a child's
particularity. ~~And then~~ Besides the
clear eye that sees so definitely; & the
without exaggeration. For there is
& this limited description of what was real;
there is no sense of the picturesque; & the
beauty is ~~the~~ in the object, not in the
writers manipulation"
"& … So he went in & ~~found~~ searched from
61 Chamber to Chamber, & found her bed,
but she was not there; then Balin
looked into a fair little garden, & under a
laurel tree he saw her lie upon a
quilt of green samite, & a knight with her,
& under their head grass & herbs." ..
Then the King looked about the world.
79 This is not a child's world: this a world
before the self consciousness had added any
mirror. There are men & women

The ~~mystery story~~ The Reader.

You will come

That is because the reader is now
That is largely bec~~ause the reader is now~~
The reader
And here we come ~~upon me & this~~
This ~~the~~ due to the absence, today

The ~~old ballads~~.

After that I had accomplished & finished
divers histories . . . many noble & divers
gentlemen of this realm of England came &
demanded me many & oft times—" Caxton wrote in
his preface to the Morte d'Arthur. ~~why he~~ "to
imprint the history of the said noble king &
conqueror King Arthur, & of his knights with the
history of the Saint Greal, & of the death ~~&~~
ending of the said Arthur". The Morte D'Arthur
~~Here then in~~ In the 21 books of ~~the ballad of the~~
is the ~~ballad which was~~ ~~we have the~~
preserve, ~~even~~ what lay beneath: the
~~legends~~ ' ~~It is here we~~ ~~to what we tap the~~ the we tap what lay
~~lowest~~ deep reservoir regard & the noble; when
beneath the ~~romance~~, beneath Spenser— the even in the 15th
deep reservoir of ~~hardly~~ old ~~ballads~~ story.
Century a peasant said": Here in Malory,
~~It is a~~ ~~In Malory, pages we~~
pages that we hear the ~~anonym~~ous,
~~half conscious~~ voice of anon ~~ym~~
telling his tales to the noble & the peasants &
reminding them of the ~~very~~ old kings &
knights who ~~lived~~ went their ways through the
wild woods seeking adventure. When Caxton
objected that King Arthur never lived, the noble
answered him that ye may see Gawaine's skull at
Dover, & Round Table at Winchester "in
other places Launcelot's sword & many other
things". The book itself ~~testifies~~ to In the book itself
to ~~this chronicle~~ is ~~faint~~ This
the dream ~~is mixed~~ with reality
half fable, half fact. ~~To~~ ~~In~~ ~~be~~ The best
represents Caxton's scepticism & the noble's faith.
then half fable, half fact. ~~now~~ Merlin ~~[illegible]~~

Half forgotten, yet
still vivid
memory.

The Reader.

We can ~~he~~ suppose then that the ~~reader~~ reading public ~~came into~~
existence some four hundred years ago; when the ~~playhouse~~
could ~~no longer contain the play~~. ~~But he was~~
when the play outgrew the playhouse; when the
playhouse was shut. But ~~he was~~
The [illegible] – ~~was brought into being by~~
came into existence ~~when~~ in the first play the playhouse was ~~&~~
shut; & ~~when the plays outgrew the theatre.~~
& in the second became the play ~~became~~
outgrew the theatre. But the reading public
must have a small one: ~~a &~~ confined ~~restricted~~ ~~from~~ to
scholars & courtiers. The lack of
general ~~wide~~ ~~spread~~ common reading ~~explains~~ accounts for
the long pause, between Shakespeare's death and the
18th century when the plays of Shakespeare
hang suspended, unrealised. They had to
wait until the plays were ~~in~~ ~~ce~~. ~~or~~
open on many private tables, in many rooms & hands,
before they received the other life ~~which~~ the
detached, the particular life ~~which~~ that
the reader confers. ~~This~~ Again, ~~it accounts for~~
~~this~~ too the smallness of the reading public,
& its specialised nature, ~~explains~~ accounts for the
scarcity of Elizabethan criticism, & the general
~~nature~~ of what criticism there is. ~~Both~~
~~Sidney & Jonson deal with the general~~
Both Sidney & Jonson ~~are~~ deal with the theory of
poetry or of drama, not with the particular play or
poem, The fact ~~attention~~ being ~~which~~ both Sidney &
Jonson ~~doubt~~ are concerned with general
questions. of the nature of poetry & drama,
such as ~~other~~ to the ~~trained~~ writers; & not
~~in~~ writing ~~after~~ matter that interest for writers; ~~not with the~~ particular

The ~~Critic~~ ~~There is no~~ The critic was not
~~he~~ the concerned ~~with explain~~ They are not

& cd. only be realised fully if read

There ~~is an entry in~~ Henslowe Diary, which
Henslowe in had jotted down in his diary the cost of
the Laths, the nails, the timber, that he had
bought. For painting the theatre.
And for the Clothes worn by the play hired -
That ~~was the house that~~ the playhouse
was being built on the Banks of the Thames -

But how far was the playwright author in 1570 separate
from Anon the minstrel, the ballad singer?
The fact seems to be that, while Spenser
attached his name to the Fairy Queen, the author of
the Spanish Tragedy left his work so unsigned
This is a sign ~~also~~ that there were two publics:
the reading, & the playgoing. ~~There is a division~~
It marks a distinction between two kinds of
work - two methods, ~~two~~ two attitudes of mind.
Where had been no minstrels, would English
have remained a read, a book literature;
no stage, no common art: but always one book to be
read, privately: -

conscious of a any duty owed to the general public: for the
public has as yet ~~making no asking no questions,~~
~~letters~~ & asking them for information; ~~either about~~ the
play, ~~or the playwright~~. for instruction, for
the general public & had to draw in the play as
they stood or ~~at~~ sat at the playhouse, through
their ears through their eyes. They could not
deepen & revise these impressions at a table in a
private room. & ~~thus~~ as that a book & the word by the
they could not ask the kind of question which
was ~~to call forth ou a profession~~ in our day
is debated answered ~~is~~ every day in the newspapers.

Much that was lost in the playhouse was
discovered when the play was read in the
private room - the criticism of the last hundred years
~~has~~ has added to the ~~common~~ understanding of
Shakespeare. But much was also lost for ever
when the playhouse shut. the sound of the spoken word:

the . ~~What~~ the ~~Whether the~~

As ~~for the~~, the ~~ey~~ But how far

To ~~the~~. ~~It is of course~~

the To . the profits & losses of this account have
difficult to settle — On the one hand, the habit of
reading has brought into existence much that
could only be discovered in the private room:
Johnson, Coleridge, Bradley ~~to name some~~ who have been
to take some other obvious names, during the last
reading Shakespeare into existence, our understanding.
200 years — have increased
But much was lost for ever when the playhouse
That we have lost the sound of the spoken
word: all that I can understand taste & bloom, on.
There is a physical quality in the language
wh. may spring ~~to~~ come ~~from the~~ when there is
no ~~printed~~ that is heard, not printed
we men a thousand suggestions that the dramatist
This can be tested, (but almost solely ~~Chiefly in the~~ in Shakespeare:
the — more Eliz are only acted once in a blue moon)
have almost disappeared fr the stage) by comparing our
impressions after seeing the play with our impressions after
reading the play.

So far the
Elizabethan
drama is
concerned

66

irrepressible instinct ~~turns~~ flow into urban · channels Miracle plays
& then turn their. But to ~~confine to~~
see to understand the rhymers & the mummers. The
jugglers & the bear leaders to put off their
pagan leaves, their bells, their motley, &
robe themselves in the service of the Christian
God.

That was the other bond between the Great
house & the Cottage. For though the Great,
~~with their~~ ~~with their acq~~ speaking &
French as easily as English, with their Latin & Greek
tags on their tongues, ~~despised the~~
might despise the Jargon of the peasant, they
shared the superstitions. An old woman in a
Cott hovel was to the King himself even,
the vessel of an unclean spirit. A Sun
Chicken, she said, sucked on her chin. When the
pilli-winks were applied to her, she confessed.
On all Hallows E'en last she with 200
witches had gone to sea, each one in a
riddle or sieve drinking & ~~so~~ making merry
till they came to the kirk of N. Berwick
in Lowthean where they landed & danced a
reel. When the Earl of Derby died a witch was
mumbling in the corner of his room. She confessed
how she had thrown a cat into the sea —
raised a storm that had sunk the Kings ships.

The Great house then, when the nobles read
the Faery Queen aloud, was connected
with the village by ~~their~~ superstitions, needs, beliefs.
Spenser himself heard the rhymers & the
impudent band. ~~It was at~~ He saw,
at in , the Green man. It was
said that he was present at the
the pageant, in ~~wh~~ ~~Greens~~ played before
Q Elizabeth in 15– . It was an
a revival — already some had given
their customs curiously, a standing against the past
For already the other house was being built.

jugglers, mummers,
& sacred trees, &
holy wells: & mummers
Wanton baudes
& Rymers
impudent.

He is the writer in ~~embryo~~: capable that is of all the
impulses of a writer, save only that he cannot give his ~~express~~
his emotions: but he cannot give them shape.
& this ~~concentration is after~~ & his influence only the power of creation:
upon whatever writing is must be prodigious; it
unchecked:
power to this weakly & blind infant, the
stumbling on his hand in the glare of the
[illegible] platform, & tiny among wearily
from its [illegible] that we owe the
Elizabethan novels — & a book like the
Ulysses, for example: vast
very various, ~~still half born~~, half born book:
a book that is still amorphous: rather one
thing or another: a book that the writer
cannot control, because the reader is
not yet able to read; a book that extravagant &
sloppy & slovenly, is now all
haphazard, yet has so long as the ~~writers~~;
But then they said that [illegible] had [illegible] a place [illegible],
& [illegible]
For the [illegible] the reader was ~~powerless in presence of the~~
the weakness of the reader is indubitable.

Its. The impulses without is [illegible] at once a [illegible] them. It is not

to embody in any own person the beliefs & fears, &
~~the~~ which were so strong then, ~~in the~~ when the
so much depended on the sun: when so little
was known. The ~~scholars tell~~ is ~~that~~ how
their double instinct – all through the ~~M~~
mid ~~the ages their belief, the desire.~~ middle ages
the ~~words were~~ thus, ~~as the scholars tell us,~~
~~the~~ ~~Down that~~ ways darker road, the that track of
ancient belief, lay between the great house & the
cottage. In the noble, as in the peasant, a
half spoken anonymous voice murmured of
old Gods, of old church; of what would
prophecies, what would ~~of of~~ what the well &
the tree were still haunted. And, as the scholars
tell us, both ~~noble~~ & ~~poor~~ peasants, ~~not~~ feeling
who the same need of some~~thing to~~ embody their
belief, the ~~same need of~~ of something to
express the ~~lol~~ having the same need of
expression of embodiment, of drama, of song
~~Every~~ ~~Down the roads~~ along the roads,
from town to town, from great house to great
house. came the wandering minstrels; the bear leader.
rhymer, the mummer, the juggler. Even the King & Queen
~~Because they supplied the~~ ~~actor,~~
must have their song makers attached to them.
~~the~~ Even though, presum~~ably~~ perhaps his body, ~~the actress~~
because the ~~art~~ actor displays ~~the actor trade~~ was
the ~~art & the mummer~~ the ~~there were~~
~~Despised~~ jeer & dance, probably too because ~~these~~ the pale, &
the communication is beyond
L. ~~sees the~~ sees the pageant contemptuously
mockingly, the actors were a despised,
they were necessary. Even the Churchmen,
conscious as they ~~were~~ that homage was
being paid to another God than theirs,
could not suppress them; ~~or~~ all they could do
was to divert the ~~worship~~ ~~stream of accents~~; to make the
~~movements~~ ~~from the verse~~

some one who
could express,
embody, give
voice to the
hidden instinct.

that Latimer deplored became
The Great house is visible in the pages of Lady Anne
Clifford's diary. ~~It is~~ ~~It is flushed with~~
~~turmoil~~ ~~This~~ She ~~is above all things~~ possessive.
She ~~is~~ is aware from her first youth of her
rights; of ~~her position~~. She ~~is~~ has her feet
grasped upon her lands. ~~She has no~~
She has no ~~doubt whatsoever this~~ a
profound & physical belief in the right of the possessor.
It ~~seems as~~ ~~solid~~ She ~~believes, with a~~
in the solidity of the land; in the
~~rights of ownership~~ The ~~reality of the body~~ is
The body is visible to her. She ~~was~~ is for ever
rebuilding castles; acquiring land, asserting her
rights to property; accumulating, hoarding,
claiming diamond buttons, making inventories of her
possessions, establishing her family, [illegible] for her
grandchildren so that ~~se~~ they too may
taste the delight of possession. ~~The~~ ~~Her~~
The living body is robed in black taffeta with a
yellow taffeta waistcoat. When the body is
dead, it is wrapped in lead; ~~to~~ as if ~~there were~~ from fear
it ~~were~~ to preserve it as long as possible. The
sense of the body permeates the pages: the
solidity of matter; ~~the~~ as if ~~rubies~~, diamonds,
fur ~~cloaks of~~ ~~enforced some~~ were a
the body gained in dignity, ~~were more~~ we the
human soul ~~were~~ was more expressive, more stately
when its carcase flashed ~~to~~ it to the public eye.
The ~~body is~~ She reveals the emptiness of
England, when, merely to see an old Countess buried,
the common people come flocking. ~~&~~ The
effort of ~~moving across~~ All movements
become spectacular. Six bay horses drag the
coach. The coach is lined with green cloth,
laced with green & black silk lace. Crowds

as if to solidify them still further.

No one used it now. But ~~in the~~ when Jonson came to
Penshurst, that track led from the Great house to the
hovel. ~~They believed~~ In the spring they danced
round the Maypole; ~~in summer~~ at Midsummer the
bonfire was lit on the hill; at harvest time the
waggons were crowned: at Christmas the mummers & the
wassailers sung under the window. ~~Long~~ They
~~were believed~~ ~~Beneath the~~ ~~The Sun~~ Summer
Spring & Summer & winter were gods. The Sun was
a god, the Earth a goddess. This ancient belief
lay ~~hid~~ beneath the Christian belief.

Still stored
the Pagan belief,
in the Christian
Common mind.

& ~~There was still in being the old Pagan~~
was ~~still in being; the old English gods were~~
the Pagan Gods, were still ~~in the fields to be~~
~~worshipped~~ alive. to be served, to be worshipped.

were served
under the
semblance of the
Christian.

~~And~~ ~~Even if the Christian faith had~~ And
~~Even if the Gods were losing their terror, there was~~
the Even if the service of the Pagan gods was
losing ~~its~~ authority, ~~there was still~~
& even of the names of the Pagan ~~gods were~~
slowly sinking into forgetfulness, there
~~remained~~ the ~~desire, when Spring came, to~~
~~put off the~~ the old desire remained to
when Spring came after the winter, or in the
cold of Christmas, to slip ~~off the~~ bonds of
~~work~~; to make cease, for one day only, from the
daily work; to ~~be~~ enact, to represent, to
make something which had no use &
give ~~shape to the~~ old / ~~which~~ connection
with the daily ~~fight~~ struggle to impersonate,
to ~~dress up~~ to become, for one day, a
the ~~thing that was~~ to belief in person, to
~~represent in~~ ~~make~~ a to make with ones
~~own~~ body a symbol of the
to bring out, ~~to~~ half ~~hence~~ ~~be~~ into the ~~air~~ light,
the decked up presentation of ~~those~~ to
song, of laughter, & to dance & sing.

to celebrate
the common
instinct, to

attend her. And ~~she~~ is for ever asserting her self, her property, with initials carved in stone, even over farm house walls. This is her property; this land is hers. She has ~~sense~~ of ~~the right of blood~~, of something sacred in flesh & blood: & when Lord Sheffield married Anne Erwin & it "was held a very mean match, an indiscreet on part of him". ~~A family~~ For the noble families, the Herberts, the Russells, the Stanleys, are already ~~weaving themselves together; or stare at~~ ~~at apart~~, ~~weaving their~~ webs, at the centre of which is King James.

Her whole effort is to count, ~~to amass~~, to hoard; ~~&~~ to as if she had no sense of change; as if she believed that it is not only right but ~~advantage to~~ that the concrete body ~~it~~ can ~~survive~~ survive; as if there were for her an immortality of the body.

One must ~~proclaim~~ its solidity in order faith one in the body, as one believes in the soul.

Yet there were moments when this heavy carapace of possession proved too heavy ~~for~~ her: when she "Upon the 1st I rose by times in the morning & went up to the Pagan Tower to my prayers & saw the sun rise. ~~Again~~ Thursday, a strange comet like a canopy in the air".

If I had not excellent Chaucers book here to comfort me, I were in a pitiable case, having so many troubles as I have here, but when I read in that, I scorn & make light of them all, & a little part of his beauteous spirit infuses itself in me".

This ~~is a queer transition~~, a strange reversal – ~~for the~~ world of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~& diamonds~~. from the solid earth ~~to the~~ of Westmorland, to the other world – a switch over; when her eye turns from the delights of possessing land, to the other delights of the a change of perspective, & there outside is Knole, & she adds that postscript to a letter about a little cabinet & cup wh. she had left with Lady Kent, when she borrowed 2 hundred pound of her.

4 The great Elizabethan house, Penshurst, Wilton, as we
see it now, looks out of proportion; ~~this because~~
lost surroundings; this because ~~the idea~~ ~~its~~ the connection
with the ~~village~~ ~~is~~ great house & the village is lost.
If we could see it ~~as it was when in being~~
as the airman ~~sees an~~ ~~town when~~ in being we
should see ~~the the farm, the cottage,~~ ~~roads~~ as an
airman sees the foundation of old towns
still ~~existing~~ marked on the fields, we should see
the ~~great~~ tracks leading from the farm to the cottage;
we should see the great house as an oasis in the
in the midst of wild country;

If we could see the great house as it was ~~when Shakespeare~~
~~stood~~ in the time of Spenser, we should see to cottages, to
tracks ~~leading to~~ ranging out to farms & to cottages, to
a farm. We should see it like a ~~green~~ oasis in
the middle of a desert. The ~~chief~~ It was
It ~~it was necessary~~ if the great house were to
resist the ~~enemy~~ that it showed the enemy, man,
that there ~~should~~ was be armour in the chest: to
fight against hunger & weather there must be grain in the
barn. The common fight linked the great house to the
small. This that connection ~~that is detailed~~
in ~~so many~~ between master & man that is
~~men~~ ~~detail~~ described ~~so painfully & minutely in the~~
medieval ~~account books, inventories~~, that is
so minutely & painfully revealed in ~~the innumerable~~
in the Paston letters: It makes the staple of
medieval correspondence. But there was
also the other connection — ~~there was~~ the
common belief. That bond between the
Great house & the small has been ~~often~~ covered
over. ~~Just as the antiquaries~~, ~~so that~~ ~~which is~~ old track
like the ~~pilgrims' way,~~ along which ~~we~~ are
~~road~~ under the hill, ~~was~~ along which ~~are~~
~~trod by scholars~~ the pilgrims rode to Canterbury.

of common needs.

But the reader
It was only when she reads that she comments: when she goes to the play she says only "supped with my Lord & Lady Crandal & after supper saw the play of the Mad Lover in the Hall .. or "we stood to see the Masque in the box with my Lady Ruthven." For the reader, was born

The ~~reader~~ ~~then~~ presumably when the playhouse shut. The curious faculty of making scenes & characters, men women & their emotions, from marks on a printed page, was ~~only~~ underdeveloped so long as the play was dominant. The

But where do I begin? — In 1820 I think.. It must
have been about that date. when my great grandfather
was a boy. I'm not young myself; & he was very very old.
Well, he was a very old young man.

We broke in, what ten years ago, on a June day like this.
We were motoring. We had to leave the car & walk,
across the fields. There wasn't a road to the house.
Nobody was there then. ~~We~~ I ~~never felt such silence~~.
There were ~~the~~ ~~few~~ a courting arms over the fireplace...
And think what it must have been like in the
100 years ago... ~~so~~ when they lived there...
There was still books. The major [illegible] out; the

Mine [illegible] Then
then two chimneys ~~came~~ ; a voi...
Rather more finely.
They came suddenly the castles

It was so lonely. he felt like
a dream he read. like some
from the moon nearly the word gone.
Every book we make. & the flower
like dew in the dark..

At the
It was the first time
he had seen
a man they a woman—
the— dream
What did they think!
what
thou didst he explain here!
The world here then
very lonely
in the time
with ? —

The reader then comes into existence some time in the 16th Century; & his life history, could we discover it, would be well worth writing. At some point his ear must have lost its acuteness, at another his eye must have lost its sharpness. Our own attempts when we read the Early plays, to supply the ~~[illegible]~~ & the stage, the colour & the appearance is an effort ~~attempt~~ to revert to an earlier stage. The ~~difficulty~~ is great. ~~The~~ In trying to ~~see what [illegible]~~ we are trying to be ~~among the audience~~: to be a spectator not a reader. ~~As~~ ~~But~~ ~~The~~ we are ~~making an effort to forget~~ As time goes on, the ~~reader~~ Our reading faculty ~~disturbs us~~; distracts us. ~~But as the~~ As Later, as the reading faculty develops, readers separate into different classes;

264

Yet the presence of the reader is felt even when ~~there~~ in the audience on the Bankside. It was for him that Nashe wrote that strange amorphous book The Unfortunate Traveller — which ~~which belongs~~ to no class; which ~~has its~~ the ~~is~~ for him that Burton compiled that extraordinary medley, the Anatomy of Melancholy. It is through the ~~influence of~~ the ~~reader~~ It is there that the reader makes his first appearance. ~~It~~ is for [illegible] there that we find the writers completely conscious of the reader; addressing him in person, & bringing himself, the man behind the book, into existence. He first & glances that curious power which is as [illegible] to become so highly developed — the power ~~of~~ I am a mere bachelor... I am neither rich nor poor... I am content... I am lazy... I dislike ~~book~~ in writing... I am ~~very~~ a tumbler over of other mens books... I am a spectator, not an actor. ~~He~~ is there is no audience forcing him to embody his

were circling round the sky, & someone, stopping had
fixed his eyes on her. Then the light passed on.

Do you think ~~he~~ — Nigel Leppard Combe — was the
~~[illegible]~~ appointed by fate to rescue the damsel? said
Mr. Brough. the architect:
was
~~Committed~~ made in.
[The man, said Mrs. Swimey, was a wrong un.
And Nigel Leppard Combe, said Mr Swimey,
as pr ~~Sat~~ was ~~Secretary for y State~~ for
~~war~~, a very distinguished man of science:
~~He did~~ without him, the aeroplane
would never have been invented.
~~They were a model couple, said Mrs Swimey~~.
But the house, said Mrs Swimey, must have
fallen to the ground before now. When the
Tower is standing.

~~What then~~ Do that]

D'you believe in fate? said Mrs. Clarence Smith...

I believe — .

~~Then the~~ but Mrs shrugged her shoulders.
~~What do I kn~~ Why do they happen? How?
~~Look at~~ But the light seemed to fall upon a
for a moment upon the ~~past. That's~~ why I told
hadn't fallen
the story. ~~The~~ If the telescope hadn't fallen
on that face — ~~wah~~, I should never have
what
~~Sat here~~... I should have been, ... And
nowhere... nowhere." ~~Certainly~~, as they
looked at her then, nowhere became fit
visible for a mere.

meditations on real people, acting a story. And so
the vast accumulations that have filtered from books
down into the pure college room ~~slow~~ meander
over the page. The [illegible] writes a sentence without
remembering what some other man has said. But
instead of His vision is multiple. He sees
with the eyes of a thousand men; yet what
he sees the eyes of a thousand dead men to
verify what he sees. ~~Yet~~ He ~~does not~~ Yet all
these reflections serve to enrich his own vision
Man is melancholy, now. ~~But he has been~~
Man has been melancholy always; in Greece in Rome:
he has been mad always; he has been cruel; he
has tortured & killed: & even now in England =
Yet there is a tolerance in his soliloquy: he is
He sees through a thousand green shades what is
immediately before him — the unhappy heart of
man. Yet these innumerable instances of
pain, of melancholy, the reflections serve to
chequer the immediate spectacle. There is
~~a~~ From books he has won this tolerance,
meditations the sense that we are not single
figures, but ~~so~~ innumerably related: the
~~individual comes~~ ~~He~~ In pursuit of melancholy he
travels over the whole world, though he has never
left his college room. Instances are drawn
from all quarters. ~~They~~ are illustrated by
anecdotes ~~And then~~,
~~For the~~ Yet though the theme is Melancholy, the
treatment is humorous. ~~Because~~ We are at a
remove from the thing treated. We are considering it
generally. We are enjoying the spectacle of
melancholy, not sharing in its anguish.

That is the ~~prime~~ gift of the book —
Then we develop the other ~~fine~~ faculties that
the play lets dormant: to muse, to
specu~~late, to~~ the private faculties: the
the to stop, to think to compare, to turn our
eyes upon the writer & to laugh at the man

He could see the day stretched out from his tower:
miles of it: Green, ~~blue~~ purple, moor; blue white sky.
The vast unending empty day. He ~~sat~~
~~the~~ . And he sat down ~~see~~ & put his eye to the
telescope. Early, as it was day, he turned it to the
earth. He ~~turned~~ focused it so that he could
make out the trees in a distant wood; could
see the birds hovering over them; then he lowered
it: there was smoke rising from the trees: he lowered it;
there were chimneys; a farm house; still further
he lowered it, & behold there was the house,
the distant farm, as clear as if he were at the gate.
And there came out of the door a girl; he could
see her plainly: she stood at the door, looking
round her; waiting for some one. He could see
that she was in blue; & then a man
came; & they, standing the middle of the lane, in her arms. They kissed -
they clasped each other
they kissed.

But he could not ing
He could watch it no longer. He ran
down the tower stairs. ~~Watched his~~ just as he was,
& ran & ran & ran, through the fields, through the
lanes, till he reached that farm house, late in the
covered with dust, scarlet with running. She was my
evening. He ~~found the~~
Great grandmother; the girl who wore
something blue: who kissed the man
in the telescope.

Again the shaft of light wheeled
round the sky A faint light
sitting in the
felt when Mrs Ivimey had
or of a telescope
balcony.

lived at the centre of the labyrinth of words, a man sitting alone in his college room, thinking – about Now the reader is ~~aware of~~ completely in being. He can read in many different moods. He can satisfy the desire for information, he can draw in from the printed page knowledge of times past: curious anecdotes; reflections; he can see England at the moment: he can ~~forge~~ circle forward & backward; he can draw in what feels ~~reflections or~~ he can read directly what is on the page; or drawing aside can read what is not ~~said~~ there.

The ~~reader then~~ A ~~sense of sense of~~ a ~~two~~ lengthens

Time seems endless. There is a continuity in the book that the play has not. It gives a different pace to the mind. It loosens it ~~from the present moment~~. We are in a world where nothing is concluded. And